

MARCH 1928

35 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



HAZEL FRAZER

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

# THE *Add-a-pearl* NECKLACE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



## *For March Birthdays*

**M**ARCH will bring birthdays to many girls. It will bring, too, the gift of an Add-a-pearl Necklace, or pearls to add to one, to fortunate girls everywhere.

No gift will give more pleasure or lasting happiness than Add-a-pearls, genuine oriental pearls. Perfectly matched, exquisite in their dainty coloring, Add-a-pearls are always of the same standard quality.

Give Add-a-pearls on her birthday, or any gift occasion. The beautiful necklace becomes more valuable with each succeeding year.

### *To Father and Mother*

Start an Add-a-pearl Necklace for your girl this year. The initial necklace may be purchased with five or more perfect pearls on a fine gold chain. Additional pearls are added on all gift occasions.

Ask Your Jeweler

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY  
CHICAGO



Agatha Hays, Mary and Molly O'Day—three bright, alert youngsters whose days start regularly with hot oatmeal breakfasts

## Five Exceptional Types of Children

Which illustrate the result of the important "Growth Element" in food, on a child's development

What That Element Is and Where to Find It

**C**ORRECT child feeding, according to leading experts, starts at breakfast. Certain food elements must be supplied, in the most enticing and delicious way possible at that meal.

The first consideration is a well-balanced food—food that "stands by" by virtue of supplying essential energy elements in correct proportion—PLUS an adequate supply of food's great Growth Element, protein. For that reason, Quaker

Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is being urged by many as the ideal children's breakfast.

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat. The element that builds muscle, that constitutes a "factor of safety" against disease.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal. Consider what this means.

**16% protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness**

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage that lessens the need for laxatives.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



A healthy baby is a happy baby. Little Doris Ennis' doctor said "Quaker Oats," and it's been a regular diet with her since.



Jimmy Fitzgerald's mother gives him hot oats breakfasts to replace the energy he uses up each day.

### 70% of the Day's School Work Crowded into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigation in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to **WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST**—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.



**Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast**

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.





**THE TRADE MARK MERREMAKER MARK**

**Complete Home Playground—  
Slide  
Teeter-Totter  
Merry-Go-Round**

**AS A SLIDE**

**As A Merry-Go-Round**

**As A Teeter-Totter**

Fully protected by patents granted July 7, 1925, and other patents pending.

**HOME-TESTED AND APPROVED  
PATENT PENDING  
P P P  
PLAYING SERIES NO.**

## Health Insurance for Your Children!

**G**IVE your children play that keeps them vigorously active and happy—that's health insurance! When you see them romping and playing on the Merremaker, you'll know they are getting just the vigorous activity that develops them into strong, sturdy Americans. They slide, then teeter-totter, and then play merry-go-round.

**Children Need Activity Plays**—Your children have a natural desire for just those active plays. It's Nature's way of insuring their full physical and mental development. Give them the play that will let them fully satisfy that natural desire for activity. The Merremaker gives them the three most glorious plays of childhood—slide, teeter-totter, and merry-go-round.

**The Merremaker Never Grows Old.** Your children can change the Merremaker from one play to another themselves. Always something new to do. It keeps them happy and contented at home. Your heart won't stand still every time you hear the shrieking of automobile brakes, because you know your children are playing in the yard, safe on their Merremaker.

**Built Strong for Sturdy Children.** The Merremaker will hold 700 pounds. Built of straight-grained hardwood with metal reinforcements. Finished in red enamel with weather-proof spar varnish. Easily set up in a few minutes. Special rubber feet included for indoor use.

**Give Your Children the best opportunity for glorious health**—give them a Merremaker. You'll be surprised at its reasonable price. For your children's sake mail the coupon now.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TO DAY!**

The  
Merremaker  
Corporation



212 Cecil St.  
Minneapolis  
Minnesota

Please send me complete illustration descriptions and the surprisingly new low prices of the Merremaker Complete Home Playground and the Merremaker Gym.

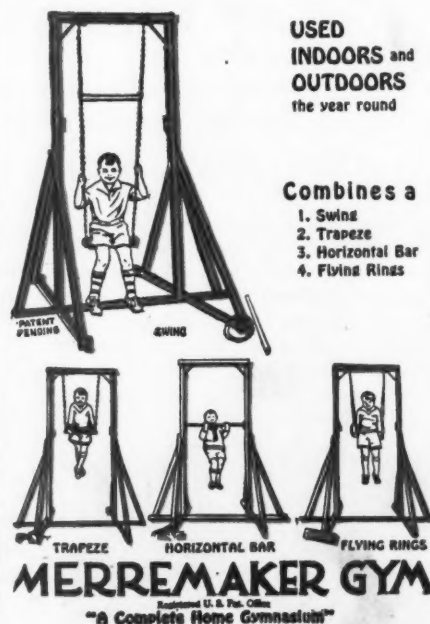
Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

C.L.3-25

**The  
MERREMAKER  
CORPORATION**  
212 Cecil Street  
Minneapolis, Minn.



**USED  
INDOORS and  
OUTDOORS  
the year round**

**Combines a**

1. Swing
2. Trapeze
3. Horizontal Bar
4. Flying Rings

**MERREMAKER GYM**  
Patented U. S. Pat. Office  
"A Complete Home Gymnasium"

Your children will have a world of fun on this home playground. It's a regular circus swing, trapeze, horizontal bar, and flying rings. Gives them the activity they need. Always something new to do. Mail the coupon for complete description and the low price that will surprise you.





Volume VII  
Number III

## CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

PUBLISHED  
MONTHLY

### CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1928

	PAGE		PAGE
COVER DESIGN . . . . . Hazel Frazee		THE LITTLE BABY WHO HADN'T ANY TEETH . . . . . Mary Paxton	152
GREETING PAGE		<i>Illustrations by Ethel Schacherer</i>	
DEPOSED . . . . . Rose Waldo	133	CHIP'S CHUMS . . . . . Marjorie Barrows	154
<i>Drawing by Mildred Lyon Heitherington</i>		<i>Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal</i>	
FRONTISPIECE . . . . .	134	CHILD LIFE KITCHEN	
<i>Drawing by Mildred Lyon Heitherington</i>		SAUCES . . . . . Clara Ingram Judson	157
HAPPINESS . . . . . Jeanne DeLamarter	135	<i>Silhouettes by L. Kate Deal</i>	
<i>Drawing by Mildred Lyon Heitherington</i>		TRAVEL TALES	
PLAYS AND PAGEANTS		THE TALE OF AN IRISH COW . . . . . Caroline Mabry	158
THE BROWNIE BUSH . . . . . Marjorie Barrows	136	<i>Illustrations by Hazel Frazee</i>	
<i>Illustrations by John Gee Curley</i>		OUR BOOK FRIENDS . . . . . Marjorie Barrows	160
FUNLAND		THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE	
FINN AND THE SCOTCH GIANT . . . . . Ella Young	140	Serial, Part II . . . . . Mabel S. Merrill	163
<i>Illustrations by John Gee Curley</i>		<i>Illustrations by Donn P. Crane</i>	
NURSERY NUGGETS		GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE Frances Cavanah	167
THE MAGIC SCREEN . . . . . Bertha Ten Eyck James	143	INDOOR PASTIMES	
<i>Drawing by Dorothy Henderson</i>		OUR WORKSHOP . . . . . A. Neely Hall	168
THE SNOWBALL IN THE DOG HOUSE		TWO NEW GAMES . . . . . Marion Caddell	170
<i>Illustrations by Hazel Frazee</i>		WILD ANIMAL CONTEST . . . . . David Newell	171
FAIRY FANCIES		THE DAY BEFORE SPRING . . . . . Eleanor Hammond	172
CAUGHT A FAIRY . . . . . Henry B. Mason	146	LET US DRAW . . . . . Ethel M. Rice	173
<i>Illustrations by Ethel Schacherer</i>		ST. PATRICK'S DAY . . . . . Eleanor Hammond	175
IN MUSIC LAND		OVER THE LINE . . . . . Rose A. Dillon	177
THE STORY OF THE HARP . . . . . Henry Purmort Eames	148	QUEER THINGS . . . . . Dixie Willson	179
<i>Illustrations by John Dukes McKee</i>		<i>Illustrations by Betty Selover</i>	
PUZZLE—FIND HIS FATHER AND HIS LITTLE		YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S . . . . . Marie Driggs	182
FRIEND, THE GOOSE GIRL . . . . . Helen Hudson	150	THE JUNGLETOWN TAXI . . . . . John Dukes McKee	183
		JOY GIVERS CLUB . . . . .	187

ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.  
TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.  
Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address.  
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

H. B. CLOW . . . . . President  
F. L. McNALLY . . . . . Vice-President

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
536 S. Clark Street  
CHICAGO

ANDREW McNALLY . . . . . Secretary  
GUSTAV HESBERT . . . . . Treasurer

270 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK



559 Mission Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

CHILD LIFE and its editors receive manuscripts and art materials, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

Copyright, 1928, by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY  
TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE AND CANADA

MADE IN U. S. A.



## HEALTH-CHARACTER-FUN-FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### CAMP NEECARNIS

For girls 8-18

On beautiful Big Star Lake, Michigan. Pine groves, high, well-drained site, invigorating air, no pests. College trained counselors, nurse. All desirable land and water sports. No extra charge for riding. Crafts. Modern buildings and equipment. Highest references. Selected, limited membership. Season June 30th to August 25th. Illustrated catalog.



MISS EDITH C. HOLT  
39 Fitch Place, S. E.  
Grand Rapids Michigan

### Camp Minne-Wonka FOR BOYS

Three Lakes, Wis.

Midgets, 8 to 11, separate from main camp. Juniors 12 to 14; Seniors, 15 to 17. Completely equipped; specialists for camp-craft; physician and nurse on grounds.

Complete information on request

Dr. F. H. EWERHARDT  
Barnes Hospital St. Louis, Missouri



### THE GUELOFIAN CAMP

On Famous old Cape Cod  
For Mothers and Daughters

A camp unique, cheerful, homelike. Entertainment and recreation: sports, horseback riding, and swimming; weekly excursions. You and your daughter will appreciate our expert chef, and the comforts of modern sanitation.

Paposes, 6-12  
Juniors, 13-22  
Seniors, over 23  
BOOKLET

LADY KATHERINE C. GUELOFIAN  
333 E. 43rd St., Tudor City, N.Y.C.  
Tel. Murray Hill 5338



### CAMP ELLENOR FOR GIRLS

Season 8 weeks  
All Camp Activities  
Graduate Counsellors

**\$150.00**

Write for particulars  
ELLA FOX, Director  
5655 South Peoria Street Chicago, Illinois

### Junaluska, N. C. *For girls in the "Land of the Sky"*

On Lake Junaluska, 25 miles west of Asheville, in inspiring country of unsurpassed scenic beauty. Canoeing, swimming, riding—overnight gypsy trips and shorter hikes with experienced guides—exploring mountain trails on horseback; nature lore and woodcraft; riflery; weaving, basketry, toy making, etc. Experienced counselors for Junior Group. Best in food and equipment. Resident physician. Illustrated catalog. Miss Ether J. McCoy, Director, Virginia Interment College, Bristol, Va.

### RIMROCK FARM

PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Where boys and girls lead a happy and interesting outdoor life  
KATHERINE E. SALKELD, R. F. D. No. 1  
Athol, Massachusetts

### TOSEBO CAMP

for boys. 17th year. Portage Lake, Michigan. High, healthful location. Ages 6 to 14. Excellent table. Hourly oversight. Safe swimming. "Sea Scouts." Boat Building. All sports. Expert coaches. References required. CATALOG. Address, Noble Hill, Box L, Todd School, Woodstock, Ill.

### FAIRWOOD CAMP FOR BOYS

8 to 16 years. 10th Season. The Camp with a Program. Creative Methods. All Camp Activities including Riding. Location on Torch Lake unexcelled in Beauty and Healthfulness. Near Charlevoix, Mich. Thorough Supervision. Resident Physician. Perfect Sanitation. For beautifully illustrated booklet address

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. EDER  
5629 Belmont Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

### WINNIDAY

The Camp of Happy Days for Children



Located at Southampton, Long Island, on a fresh-water lake near the sea. Fresh and salt water bathing. Canoeing. Riding. Athletics. Handicraft. Montessori School for the Young. Tutoring. Nutrition Expert, Resident Nurse.

An ideal summer home for children. Resident and day members. Send for booklet.

Miss Adeline M. Tipple N. Y. C. Telephone  
Southampton, Long Island Dry Dock 0166

### Camp Bryn Afon

Roosevelt, Wis. Eleventh Season

All land and Water Sports. Craft Studio. Screened sleeping bungalows with hardwood floors. Kentucky Saddle Horses. Riding included in tuition. Staff of 30 College Women. Booklet.

LOTTA F. BROADBRIDGE  
1001 E. Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

### ORCHARD HILL

On the beautiful Fox River

The Children's Own Camp

Girls and Boys three to ten

Dr. EDITH B. LOWRY, Director  
Orchard Hill St. Charles, Illinois

### CAMP FENIMORE

For BOYS

On Beautiful LAKE OTSEGO,  
Cooperstown, N. Y.

An exclusive RIDING CAMP for a limited number of desirable boys, 6 TO 12, from cultured, Christian homes. All camp activities, carefully adapted to the age of the boy. French conversation. Write for book of pictures.

Mrs. Clifford E. Braider, 242 E. 19th St., N. Y.  
Also Companion Camp for Girls



### CAMP OSOHA

Trout Lake, Wisconsin

An exceptional camp for girls. Special junior unit for girls 8 to 12 years with junior honors for all land and water sports, including horseback riding. All activities carefully supervised. Screened cabins. Booklet.

Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT SHADDON, Directors  
2114 Kendall Avenue Madison, Wisconsin

### OSOHA-OF-THE-DUNES A Nature Camp for Girls

Beautiful and healthful location on Crystal Lake, Frankfort, Mich. Complete equipment, screened cabins, resident nurse. Nature, riding, canoeing, woodcraft trips featured. Booklet on request.

MRS. B. G. MATTSON, Box 58, Charlevoix, Michigan

### CAMP TWA-NE-KO-TAH

FOR GIRLS

On Beautiful Lake Champlain, N. Y.

Ideal location, 1500 ft. elevation. All land and water sports, Golf, riding, hiking, boating, canoeing, dramatics, dancing, handicraft. Ages 8 to 20. Three Departments. Booklet.

REV. & MRS. R. CARL STOLL  
20 College Hill Syracuse, N. Y.

### KAMP KAIRPHREE

7th season. On Lake Charlevoix, Mich.

For 50 girls. Fee \$275. Staff of College women. Table supplies from our own camp farm. Individual attention stressed.

MRS. GEORGE R. SWAIN, Director  
713 E. University Ave. Ann Arbor, Mich.

## A Camp for Your Child

THE CHILD LIFE BUREAU OF EDUCATION is serving many of our subscribers by finding the school or camp best fitted to the particular needs of the child. If you desire information regarding a camp for your boys and girls, fill in the coupon below today.

Esther M. Ames, Director  
CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education  
270 Madison Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

I am interested in camp

Name of Parent .....

Address .....

Age of Child .....

Sex .....

Location Preferred .....

Approximate Tuition .....

Special Features .....

## DEPOSED

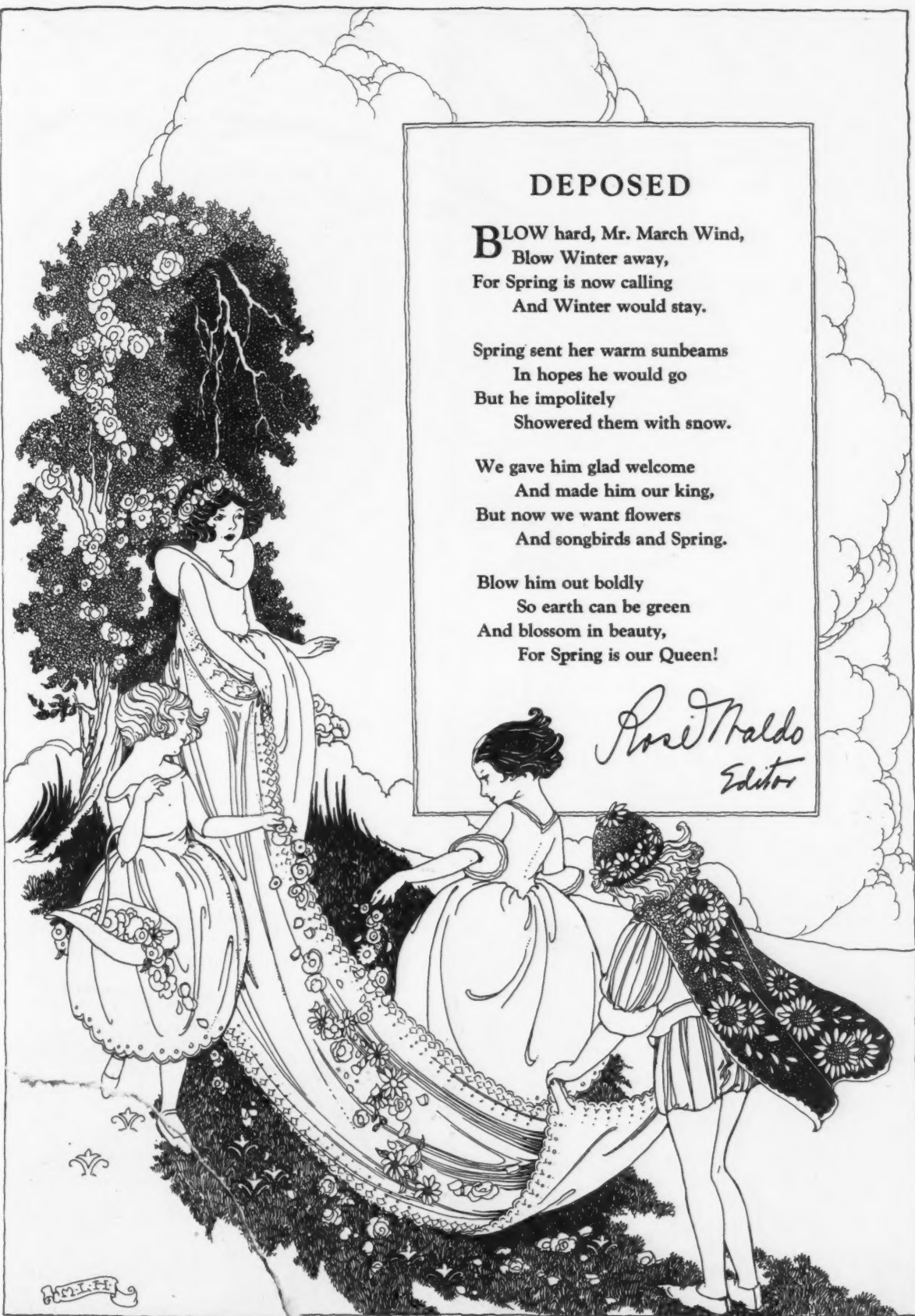
**B**LOW hard, Mr. March Wind,  
Blow Winter away,  
For Spring is now calling  
And Winter would stay.

Spring sent her warm sunbeams  
In hopes he would go  
But he impolitely  
Showered them with snow.

We gave him glad welcome  
And made him our king,  
But now we want flowers  
And songbirds and Spring.

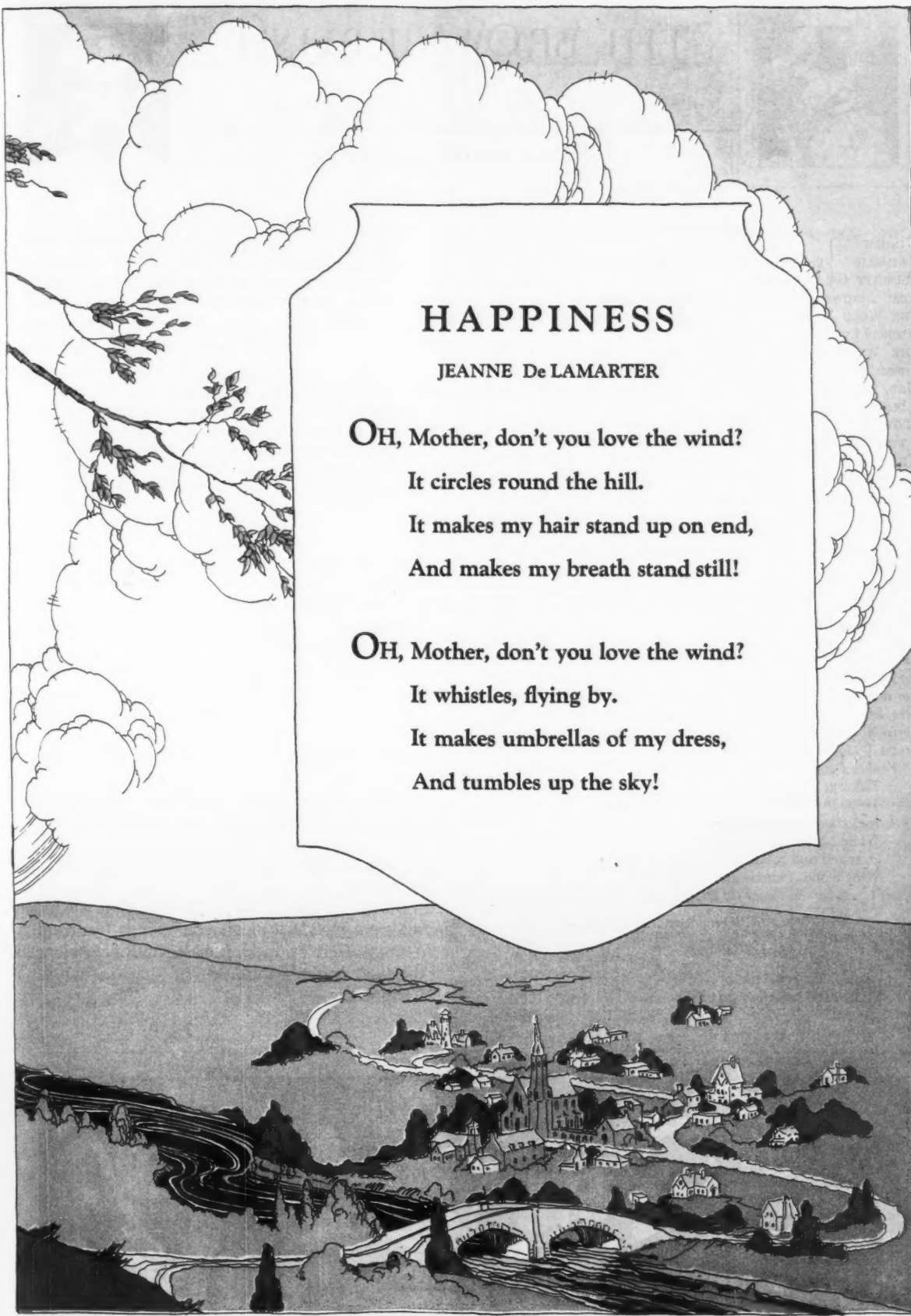
Blow him out boldly  
So earth can be green  
And blossom in beauty,  
For Spring is our Queen!

*Rose Waldo*  
Editor







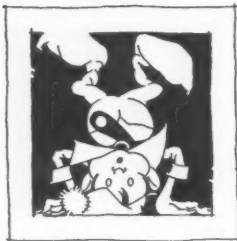


## HAPPINESS

JEANNE De LAMARTER

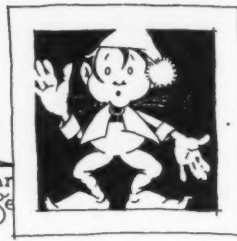
OH, Mother, don't you love the wind?  
It circles round the hill.  
It makes my hair stand up on end,  
And makes my breath stand still!

OH, Mother, don't you love the wind?  
It whistles, flying by.  
It makes umbrellas of my dress,  
And tumbles up the sky!



# THE BROWNIE BUSH

By MARJORIE BARROWS



## INTRODUCING

WINKLE  
TWINKLE  
BLINKITY B } Three brownies who feel very skittish.

JOSH, a brownie dunce, who specializes in sleeping.

THE WOOD WITCH, Mother Nature's sister-in-law, who keeps school by the Brownie Bush.

THE WEATHER MAN, with an umbrella, bags of assorted weather, and signs bearing weather forecasts.

MAB, who first wears a blue checked gingham dress and a sun-bonnet.

BROWNIES AND WOOD FAIRIES, as many as you want. It would be nice, though, to want at least four.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP—The edge of a wood, with bushes twinkling with silvery fruits, in the background. Here and there on the mossy grass are tree stumps and giant toadstools. Upon closer inspection the silvery fruits look strangely like Christmas tree ornaments and silver icicle paper. And the toadstools might be made of old stools (or piano stools) covered with brown or green burlap. One very high one at the right makes a fine seat for the dunce. In the background at the left is a woodsy screen.

[When the curtain goes up only JOSH is to be seen. He is perched up on the tallest stool, and is wearing a high peaked dunce cap and a placard labeled DUNCE. He is sleeping soundly and doesn't wake up even when some distant music grows louder and louder or when WINKLE, TWINKLE and BLINKITY B leap-frog in from the left and play tag-your-wing with each other while singing briskly to the tune of "Roses and Lilies Her Cheeks Adorn" from "The Beggar's Opera," or to the more familiar tune of "Yankee Doodle."]

Zickory, Tickory, Hickory-Hi!

Three little brownies are playing "I spy,"

And chasing their shadows by light of the moon,

While March winds are blowing a tree-topsy tune;

O, round and round the Brownie Bush see

Winkle and Twinkle and Blinkity B!

(softer) O, round and round the Brownie Bush see

Winkle

And Twinkle

And Blinkity B!

Zokery, Tokery, Hockory-Ho!

Three little brownies stand tip-py toe,

Waking up buttercups, just for a joke,  
Tickling baby frogs learning to croak,  
Or riding a hoppity bunny with glee,  
Winkle and Twinkle and Blinkity B!

(softer) Riding a hoppity bunny with glee,

Winkle

And Twinkle

And Blinkity B!

Zookery, Tookery, Hookery-Hoo!

Three little brownies make faces at you,

And all the spring flowers who poke out their heads

And all little catbirds who purr in their beds,

Then hurry along on the March Winds—wheeee!

Winkle and Twinkle and Blinkity B!

(softer) Then hurry along on the March Winds—wheeee!

Winkle

And Twinkle

And Blinkity B!

[They all flop down upon the grass, laughing.]

WINKLE: Bumbles and Butterflies! We're in plenty of time for school, anyway.

TWINKLE: O jumpity Grasshoppers! I haven't done my home work.

BLINKITY B: Then Twinkle, you'll have to change places with Josh, up there—sleepy head!

TWINKLE: Anyway, I know a secret. It begins with S.

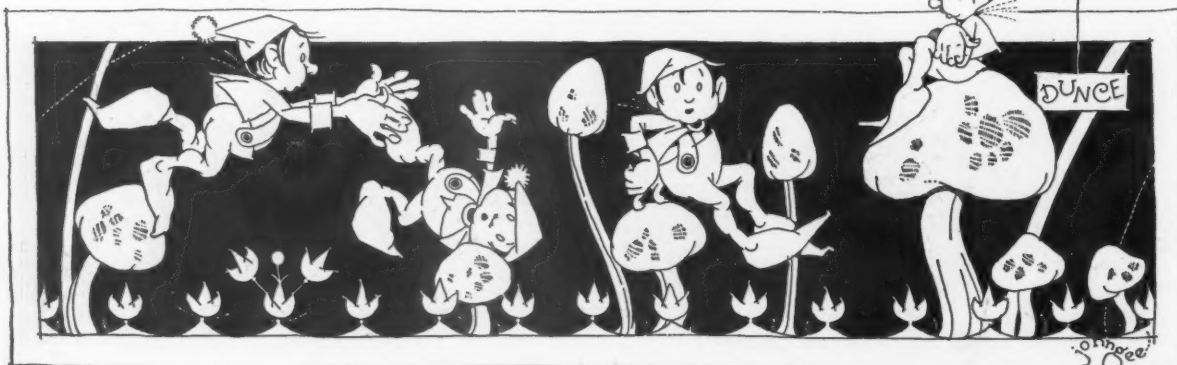
WINKLE: So do I know a secret and it begins with S, too.

BLINKITY B: Tell me, Twinkle, do. Tell me, Winkle, please. I don't know any secret that begins with S.

TWINKLE: What'll you two give me for my secret?

BLINKITY B: Here's some star dust that the moon fairies gave me. It'll clean your wings beautifully.

WINKLE: Here's a lucky buckle that once belonged to the fairy queen's third best slippers.







TWINKLE (*looking cautiously around*): Come close and I'll tell you. You see that new stool over there? It'll bear

watching, for I heard a wood elf say that his Uncle Brownie said that his Grandmother Witch said it's a forgettery stool. And *that* means anyone who sits on it will forget *everything* he knows until someone who is *very* brave rescues him from it.

BLINKITY B: That's a *good* secret, Twinkle. It's *worth* this star dust. But—doesn't teacher know about that forgettery stool?

TWINKLE (*pocketing the dust* BLINKITY B *hands him*): No, our teacher may be a wood witch. And she may be Mother Nature's sister-in-law. And she may know nearly *everything*. But she doesn't know *that*. The wood elf's Uncle Brownie's Grandmother Witch said so.

WINKLE: That's a good secret. It's worth this fairy queen's third best slipper buckle (*handing TWINKLE the buckle*). But what'll you give me for my secret?

BLINKITY B: O well, you can have the kiss the Moon Princess gave me last night. There it is—on my left ear. [WINKLE *kisses his left ear*.]

TWINKLE: Here's a secondhand flute that once belonged to Pan. It has some pretty tunes tucked away in it. [WINKLE *pockets the flute*.]

WINKLE: Come close, Twinkle. Come still closer, Blinkity B. I overheard a pussywillow tell the brook that the March Wind whispered to her last night that Mother Nature was going to send her most beautiful Spring fairy into our wood to-day—maybe she'll even come into our Brownie bush!

BLINKITY B: But what's she coming here for?

WINKLE: To pick out the very kindest and bravest brownie to be her right-hand man this year. You know, to help Spring wake up the world!

TWINKLE: What an honor! O, jumpity Grasshoppers, what an honor! I hope I see her. I hope she picks me.

BLINKITY B: We'll know her if we do see her. She'll be so beautifully dressed in a sparkly silvery gown, with wild roses in her hair.

WINKLE (*sadly*): I'm afraid we're not brave enough. I'm sure I'm too timid!

TWINKLE: O, well! It's not time for school yet. Let's go out and play hopscotch.

BLINKITY B: All right. At least my home work's done!

[*The three go leap-frogging off the stage and you can hear them singing:*]

Zookery, Tookery, Hookery Hoo!  
Three little brownies make faces at you  
And all the Spring flowers that poke up their heads  
And all little catbirds that purr in their beds.  
Then hurry along on the March winds—whee!  
Winkle and Twinkle and Blinkity B!

(*softer*) Hurry along on the March winds—whee!  
Winkle

And Twinkle  
And Blinkity B!

[*Enter at the right MAB, a little girl, in a blue checked dress and sunbonnet.*]

MAB: Ahem! [*She looks up at the sleeping dunce and knocks on the edge of his stool:*] May I come in?

JOSH (*rubbing his eyes and yawning*): O, hello! You coming to our school? It's the Wood Witch's school, you know, by the Brownie Bush.

MAB: I'd like to visit—if I may.

JOSH: Certainly. You can have the new seat.

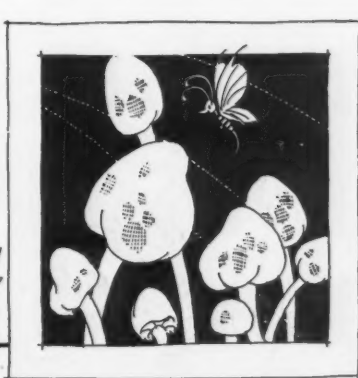
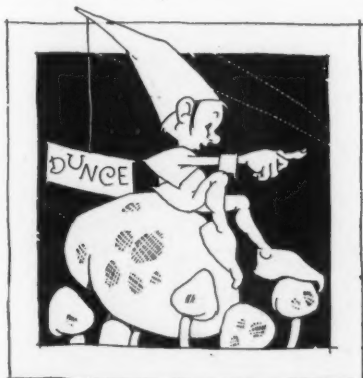
[*He points to the forgettery stool at the left.*] What's your name?

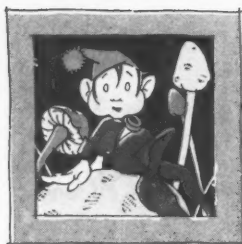
MAB (*sitting down on it*): I—I—can't remember.

JOSH: Huh, if you're as stupid as that you ought to wear my dunce cap. [*He closes his eyes and prepares to go to sleep again.*]

[*Enter the WOOD WITCH from the right. She looks like a very nice teacher, though her peaked hat and horn-rimmed glasses are rather awe-inspiring. She carries a bell, and is followed by the WEATHER MAN whose face shows that he realizes all of his responsibilities.*]

WOOD WITCH: Come right in, Mister Weather Man, come right in. You can sit on my new stool—





[She sees MAB] Oh, another visitor?

MAB: Yes, please.

WOOD WITCH (to WEATHER MAN): Well,

you sit here then. You're both welcome, I'm sure. How are you, Mister Weather Man?

WEATHER MAN (*weightily*): Fair and warmer, ma'am. Fair and warmer. [He pulls out a "FAIR AND WARMER" placard and hangs it around his neck.]

WOOD WITCH: That's good. I do hope my class to-day will be a credit to me, but these windy days the brownies are all so skittish. [She rings her bell and the elves, fairies and brownies, including WINKLE, TWINKLE and BLINKITY B, all hurry in from the left and seat themselves on the ground in a semicircle around her.] Good morning, class! Ready for roll call? [As she calls out their names each brownie or fairy sings, "Here!" one note higher than the one who answered before. By the time she has called "WINKLE, TWINKLE, BLINKITY B, JOSH, TEETER, TAWTER, FLORA and FLUTTERFLY" they have sung the scale of C.]

WOOD WITCH: Now we'll sing the class song. We have two visitors to-day, so let's do our best. Ready? Begin!

[They sing to the tune of "Here we Go Round the Mulberry Bush".

All around the Brownie Bush,  
The Brownie Bush, the Brownie Bush,  
Near the hill where violets push  
Their heads up without warning!

Here the brownies dance and sing,  
Prance and sing, dance and sing,  
When it is twenty-winks to Spring  
Upon a windy morning!

(softer)  
All around the Brownie Bush,  
The Brownie Bush, the Brownie Bush,  
Hear us sing and wake up Spring  
So early in the morning!

WOOD WITCH (*turning to WEATHER MAN*): How did that seem to you?

WEATHER MAN (*hooking on new sign*): Partly

cloudy.

WINKLE (*softly but excitedly to TWINKLE and BLINKITY B*): See that little girl in the forgettery chair? She ought to be rescued!

WINKLE (*looking up from his book*): She's only a blue-checked sunbonnet girl.

BLINKITY B: Besides, it has to be a brave person to do the rescuing.

WINKLE: I know, but—

WOOD WITCH (*turning suddenly*): This whispering must stop! Winkle, take care now, you've whispered twice. Twinkle, this is no time to be doing your home work. The class will now recite all together their lesson in woodland etiquette. Ready? Begin!

ALL:

The perfect brownie always knows  
That he must bow on tippy toes  
And wash his wings out nightly;  
When mortals come on fairy green  
He should be heard (but never seen)  
Then fly away politely.

And he will never stick his tongue  
Out at his queen or anyone,  
Who ties her shoe strings neatly,  
And just before he goes to bed  
Of course he stands upon his head  
Or somersaults completely.

The perfect brownie 'll never stoop  
To gurgle up his spinach soup  
Or gobble his bananers,\*  
And every week and day and hour  
He flits along from flower to flower  
And uses all his manners.

WOOD WITCH (*turning to MAB*): Did you like that? [The little girl smiles and nods yes and the teacher turns to the WEATHER MAN.] How did you like that?

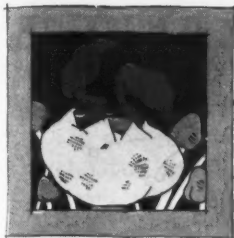
WEATHER MAN (*solemnly hooking on a new sign*): Unsettled, ma'am, unsettled!

WINKLE (*to TWINKLE*): O dear, I'm scared to whisper, but she ought to be rescued and can't you—

WOOD WITCH (*turning suddenly*): Winkle, you're whispering again. You may be excused.

\*Bananers are four-leaf clovers, toasted gently in the light of a blue moon.





WINKLE (*hanging his head*): But-but-but-

WOOD WITCH (*sternly*): Not a word from you, Brownie. Go!

[WINKLE stumbles out at the left and WEATHER MAN changes sign to "STORMY."] Now, class, you see Winkle gets a Zero for to-day's recitations and a black mark in deportment—I hope there'll be no more whispering. Flutterfly, you may come up here and recite your piece for the visitors.

FLUTTERFLY (*stepping forward and bowing shyly*):

I know a secret that starts with B,  
A lovely secret . . . Wait for me!  
You'll find it down near the garden bed  
Where a crocus baby bobs its head  
And nods how-do to the willow tree;  
I know a secret!

Wait  
For  
Me!

Part of my secret belongs to Spring,  
Part of it's like a butterfly wing,  
Some of it's new and some of it's old,  
And most of it's blue and rainbow gold;  
I know the place to peek and see!  
I know a secret!

Wait  
For  
Me!

P'raps I'm little, but don't go 'way;  
Wait for me, please, and let me play;  
And I'll show you . . . where the March winds stir  
The willow pussies that learn to purr  
From somersault Brownies beneath their tree . . .  
That's my secret!

There  
Now—  
See!

[As she recites, the WEATHER MAN changes his sign to "Rising Temperature," and a queer little man comes in at the left, wearing a black cape over his head and shoulders, and gazing, perhaps, through dark glasses at the teacher.]

STRANGER (*in a deep voice*): May I visit your school?

WOOD WITCH; Certainly. [The stranger seats himself by the little girl and starts gesturing and beckoning to her when the WOOD WITCH'S back is turned.] Now, Twinkle—it's your turn to recite.

TWINKLE (*stepping forward dejectedly*): Ahem!

WOOD WITCH (*as he pauses*): Well?

TWINKLE (*bowing*): Ahem! Ahem!

WOOD WITCH: Why don't you begin?

[The WEATHER MAN changes his sign again to "Partly Cloudy."]

TWINKLE (*desperately*): I—I—I—don't know my piece!

WOOD WITCH (*sternly*): Twinkle, you didn't do your home work!

TWINKLE: I don't know my piece but—but I know two secrets that begin with S.

WOOD WITCH: Never mind your secrets, Brownie. You're going to sit upon the dunce's stool. [She puts a dunce hat on his head.] Josh, move over. [With the WEATHER MAN'S help they get him up on the stool.]

JOSH (*yawning*): He can sit on my lap if he wants to. O, look at the stranger! (All turn in time to see the stranger pulling MAB'S arm. He is so embarrassed when they see him, that his cape and dark glasses fall off, and they see that he is WINKLE.)

WOOD WITCH (*taking him by the arm*): I don't know what's the matter with you, but see here, Winkle, if you dare to come in here again when I tell you to stay out, I'll— [Exit WINKLE at left—very hurriedly.] Say another piece, class. What one do you choose, Flora?

FLORA: I choose "The Figgity Fairy." [They all say in a very sing-songy fashion]:

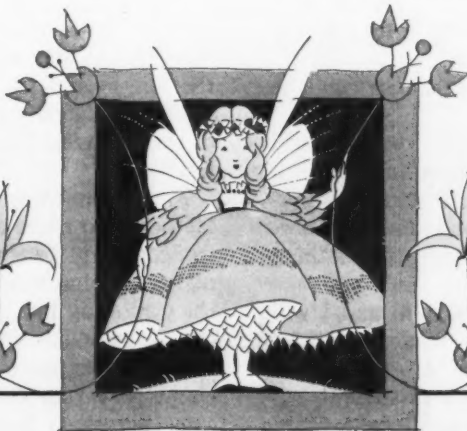
There once was a very  
Young figgity fairy  
Who tickled the chin  
Of a fussy old fish,  
Who then gave a giggle  
A gulp and a wriggle  
And left her with only  
His swish!  
And left her with only  
His swish!

[Enter another stranger at left. He is wearing a false face and a red bandana hanky around his neck. His voice is high and squeaky.]

STRANGER (*bowing*): Howdy do? I was just passing the Brownie Bush and thought I'd visit your school. May I?

WOOD WITCH (*wearily*): Certainly, sir. The school seems to have plenty of visitors to-day. [The stranger seats himself beside MAB and tries to pull her away when nobody but TWINKLE is looking. TWINKLE begins

(Continued on page 181)



John See!



# FINN AND The SCOTCH GIANT

By ELLA YOUNG

Author of "Celtic Wonder Tales," "Celtic Mythology,"  
"The Wonder Smith," etc.

**F**INN McCool, the big good-natured hunter and fighter and poet, sat biting his thumb—he always did that when he was in search of knowledge ever since the day he burnt his fingers turning the Salmon of Knowledge on a toasting-spit and got all the world's wisdom under his thumb-nail.

Diarmid, the lightsome hearted, sat beside him waiting to get in a word of advice.

"There's nothing but trouble before me," said Finn, "whatever way I look!"

"There's many a one," said Diarmid, "would be glad to be like you this day and have the kings of the world begging him to be their son-in-law."

"The man that asks a request has honey in his mouth; the man that gets a refusal has gall," said Finn. "I'll get the good will of one king and the hatred of all the others. O, it's a pity the wife I had didn't live forever!"

"I could put you in the way of settling the matter," said Diarmid, "if you would take advice from me."

"I'd take advice from a grasshopper, at the present moment," said Finn, "so tell me your mind."

"Well, if I were you, I'd sit easy-minded and comfortable on the top of a mountain—the one we are on would do well enough—and I'd say that the princesses that wanted me could come for me and I'd go with the first one that reached the top."

"How do I know what kind of a princess would be the first to reach the top?"

"That's soon told; it will be the youngest and the swiftest and the one that's most in love with you. Let me speak to the kings and princesses that are spending their hearts on you and don't be chewing bitter wisdom out of your thumb for a thing that Diarmid can settle."

"Settle it, Diarmid of the Love Spot, and I will give you two red-eared hounds, whiter, each of them, than the snow of one night. I will put collars of gold on them and chains of silver."

"If you had never a hound or a gold chain, Finn,

I'd settle it for love of the battle shout you can give."

"Good luck to you," said

Finn. "Go down and talk to the kings and their daughters."

Diarmid went down. He talked to the kings and princesses and he was making ready to start the

race when up comes the Hag of the Eastern World. She was older than the seven planets and it is said she swept the sea seven times to put gold and silver in the treasury of the first High King of Ireland.

"Is it starting the race you are," says she to Diarmid, "without waiting for me?"

"To be old," said Diarmid, "is no disparagement, but to be old without sense is a misfortune. What have you to do with the race?"

"What have I to do with it? Haven't I my chance of winning it as well as another?"

The princesses that had the youth of the world in their veins began to laugh.

"Aye, laugh!" said the Hag,

"but I'll have my asking—a fair start and no favor!"

"Well, start," said Diarmid, "for I'm not going to keep Finn sitting forever on the top of the hill."

They started, and the cold clear swift winds of March were not swifter in their going than the Hag was. 'Tis she got first to the top.

Finn married her, and every poet and hero in Ireland was asked to the marriage feast; the music and the laughter of it drew the wild beasts out of the forests and the birds out of the sky, and if a man had the choice of a feast in the four quarters of the earth 'tis that feast he would have done well to choose.

Finn did not waste much time at home after that. He began to make a Causeway across from Ireland to Scotland; it kept him busy morning, noon, and night, for Finn would not let anyone put a hand to the Causeway but himself. He said he would fight the biggest Giant in Scotland when he crossed, and leave neither name nor trace of him. The Scotch Giant let a roar out of him when he heard it. He came across to Ireland, wading through the sea,



without any Causeway at all. When Finn caught sight of him he went home to say good-bye to the Hag of the Eastern World.

"The next time you see my head," said he, "the Scotch Giant will have it in his two hands."

"If you let me counsel you," said the Hag, "you'll live to see the Scotch Giant running out of Ireland as fast as his two feet can carry him."

"What is your counsel?" said Finn.

"Take the red hound and the black hound, and go hunting. Come back to me when you have had your fill of following the deer, and I'll give you news of the Scotch Giant."

"I'll go," said Finn, and he shouted to his hounds.

When he was gone, Finn's wife took a bowl of water and some oaten meal and made a thin cake. She pressed it with the palms of her hands and with her knuckles, she made it hard and tough, as hard and tough as a chip from a yew tree that has gripped the earth for a hundred winters. She swept back the hot wood ashes from the hearth and baked the cake on a thin slab of stone. Then she made a second cake and put the thin slab of stone inside that cake. She baked it well on the hearth. After that she called one of the girls that served her in the house, and said,

"Let you sit in my chair and give yourself the airs of Finn's wife, and when the Scotch Giant comes, talk to him as I tell you."

"I will," said the girl, and she took her place in the chair.

The Hag got the biggest bed in the house and put magic on it, so that it looked like a cradle, and she put magic on herself and went into it in the shape of the biggest infant that ever was.

When the Scotch Giant came to the house he let one of his best battle shouts out of him. It would have knocked everyone deaf but that they were used to Finn.

"'Tis a good champion that is outside," said the girl that was giving herself the airs of Finn's wife; "open the door to him."

The Giant looked about for Finn.

"'Tis my grief," said the woman, "and the world's grief that Finn is not here to meet you. He's gone to settle a dispute between the Demon that lives in the Black Mountain and the Great Serpent that lives under the Sea. They were fighting for seven

years, and no one could come between them but Finn."

"Will he be long away?" asked the Giant.

"It's little I could tell you that. Maybe he'll have to slay the two of them before he can make peace."

"If he kept himself to such work," said the Giant, "instead of shaming the sun with his boasting and the sea with his Causeways, I wouldn't be here to-day."

"Since your foot touches the threshold," said the woman, "come in and welcome."

"It's good the house is," said the Giant, coming in.

"It's not too bad the house is now, since

Finn turned it round. It was built to face the north, but I never had any fondness for that wind, so Finn put his arms about the house one day and turned it round to the south."

"'Twas a good twist," said the Giant, letting his eyes go round the place.

The old Hag in the cradle began to stir.

"What have you there?" said the Giant.

"Finn's child," said the woman.

The Giant took a look at the child.

"It's big it is!" said he.

"Oh, it's not anything at all worth speaking of," said the woman. "Sure it hasn't begun to grow at all yet."

The Scotch Giant looked thoughtful.

"Will you eat?" said the Woman. "We have bannocks here as good as any baked in Scotland."





She handed him the first cake that she had baked, tough and hard.

The Giant tried it with his teeth, and laid it down.

"Is it too soft?" asked the woman. "Finn likes them soft."

"No, but too hard," said the Giant.

"Hard!" said the woman. "Someone must be putting spells and witchcraft on you! Sure the very child in the cradle would eat this with the one tooth it's got. Look!"

She gave the oat cake to the infant, and, sure enough, the child ate it.

Shame reddened the face of the Scotch Giant.

"Give me another cake!" said he. "I'll never have it told that Finn's child with one tooth could eat bread that was too hard for myself."

The woman gave him the second cake that she had baked—it was the one with the thin slab of stone in it! The Giant took a good bite and went leaping round the room.

"I haven't a whole tooth in my head!" he roared.

"You must have soft teeth!" said the woman.

The Giant took another bite, and if he broke one tooth the first time he broke five at the second bite. He laid down the cake.

"My thanks for your hospitality," he said, "and my good wishes to Finn. There'd be little use in him ever coming to Scotland. The cakes we have aren't soft enough for him!"

He turned himself and went from the house, and

he never stopped in his going till he found himself safe in his own country.

Finn came home in the evening with two wild boars and a red stag. The women of the household ran out to meet him and told him the whole tale of the Scotch Giant. He was pleased. He put the gold circle from his own neck round the Hag's neck.

"You are a better champion than I am this day; wear this in token."

The Hag laughed. She stood up. She shook age and greyness from her. She had the rose of beauty and the youth of the world.

"Who are you?" said Finn.

"I am called 'Wind over the Sea' and the 'Hag of the Eastern World.' Age cannot wither me. I know the secrets that are under the earth. I had counted the spots on the Salmon of Knowledge before you ever touched a scale of him. Now the word of farewell is between us!"

"Stay with me," said Finn, "you will never find on the ridge of the world a pleasanter country than Ireland, or a man in it that is better than myself."

"Nay," said the Hag, "whenever I have shown my beauty to anyone, I must go. Outside your door the North Wind is already bridled for me. Choose from the daughters of the kings of the world, a princess to grow old with you."

She put magic on herself and went away on the keen swift blast of the North Wind. Finn never saw her again.





## THE MAGIC SCREEN


BERTHA TEN EYCK JAMES

**T**HE screen beside my bed is tall and black,  
'Broidered with full-rigged ships a sail  
from distant shore.

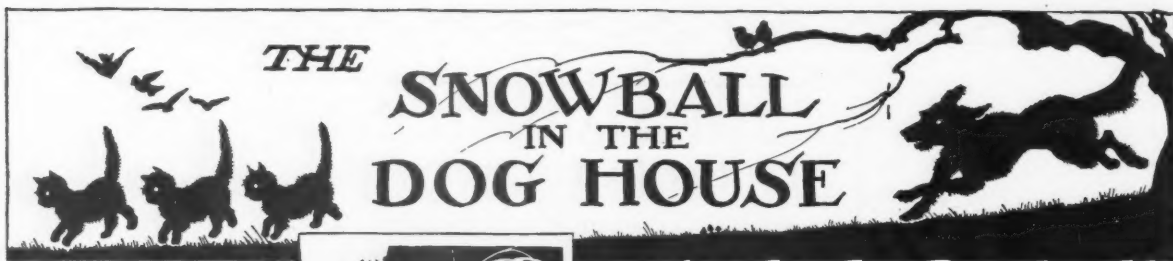
This one is going to Mombasa town,  
And this to Singapore.

And this one here, with golden prow upturned,  
Seeks treasure in a lazy southern sea,  
This with gray sail brings softest northern furs,  
This orange one returns from Sicily.

Across the magic screen at night,  
To many ports I sail my ships,  
But every day they anchor here,  
So no one knows about their trips.



Dorothy  
Henderson



# THE SNOWBALL IN THE DOG HOUSE

**T**HREE little kittens once started out to find a new place to live. They were tired of their basket.

The first one was black, and the second one was gray, and the third one was a little white cat with blue eyes.

They were walking along, and walking along, looking for a home. All at once they heard, "Bow wow wow!" behind them. They looked around, and there was a great shaggy brown dog running down the hill. His red mouth was open, and he was saying, "Bow wow wow," at the top of his voice.

There was a small tree there. Quick as a wink, the three little kittens scrambled up the tree. The black kitten ran way up to the top, and the gray kitten stopped half way, and the little white kitten crawled into a bird's nest and curled up in it.



By FLORENCE PAGE JAQUES  
the bird's nest.

"Bow wow wow!" said the dog, and he picked the little black kitten up in his mouth and ran off with it.

When he was gone, the gray kitten and the little white kitten climbed down, and ran away as fast as they could.

They were just on top of the next hill when they heard, "Bow wow wow!" again. Here came the big brown dog! The gray kitten hid in a bundle of hay by the side of the road, and the little white kitten crawled



HERE  
CAME  
THE  
BROWN  
DOG

under the thorny hedge.

"Bow wow wow!" said the dog, and he sniffed at the hedge, but the thorns stuck his nose. Then he pushed

at the bundle of hay till it scattered all over the road, and he picked up the gray kitten and ran off with it.

The little white kitten sat down by the road and cried.

"Don't cry," said a sparrow. "The big brown dog took the black kitten to his dog house, and now he's taking the gray kitten



there. He doesn't know how to keep house himself, and he's going to lock them in and make them keep house for him."

"I'll go and let them out," said the little white kitten bravely, though it was just as scared of the big brown dog as it could be.

It ran and it ran, till it came to the dog house. Just as it got there, the dog house door opened, and the kitten didn't have time to hide. So it curled up in a round small ball. "Bow wow!" said the dog, looking out the door. "What's that?"

The little white kitten didn't say a word.

"What's that white ball?" said the dog.

"It's a snowball," said the kitten, looking as much like a snowball as possible.

"Oh," said the dog. "I didn't know snowballs had blue eyes."

"They don't in winter," said the kitten. "Only in summer."

"Oh," said the dog, and he shut the door.

The kitten went around the dog house, and found the black kitten and the gray kitten looking out of the back window.

"Let us out! Please!" they begged. "We are locked in the kitchen."

"Where is the key?" said the little white kitten.

"It's on the big brown dog's collar," said the black kitten.

The white kitten went around to the front door again, and opened it. The dog was asleep by the fire, so the little white kitten crept in. Then the dog woke up. The kitten just had time to curl up tight, with its paws under it.

"What's that?" the dog said.

"It's the snowball again," said the kitten.

"I thought snowballs melted if they were near

a fire," said the big brown dog.

"Not in summer," said the kitten. "Only in winter."

"Oh," said the Dog, and went to sleep.

Then the kitten found a big ball of heavy cord in the corner, and wound it around and around and around the dog. It took the key from the dog's collar, and opened the kitchen



door, and the black kitten and the gray kitten scampered out.

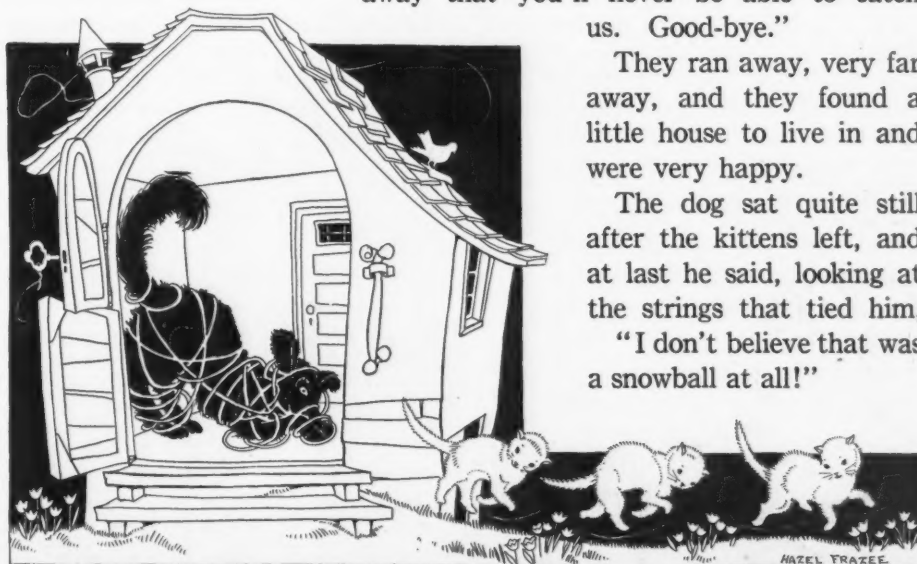
"Bow wow wow!" said the dog, waking up. "What's this? I'm all tied up in knots."

"The snowball tied you up," said the three little kittens, dancing around him. "And you'll stay tied up till somebody comes and finds you. And by then we'll be so far away that you'll never be able to catch us. Good-bye."

They ran away, very far away, and they found a little house to live in and were very happy.

The dog sat quite still after the kittens left, and at last he said, looking at the strings that tied him,

"I don't believe that was a snowball at all!"



HAZEL FRAZEE





## CAUGHT A FAIRY

HENRY B. MASON

Author of "Letters of Uncle Henry"



**F**AIRIES are quite hard on their shoes, because they do so much dancing. One kind of fairy makes and mends shoes. Those fairies are called leprechauns (lep-re-kawns) in the old country. They say there are a good many of them there, especially in localities where fairies give grand balls and dance all night by the light of the moon. When a fairy finds that his shoes are giving out, it is quite handy for him to hire a leprechaun to half-sole the shoes and straighten the heels. It only takes a leprechaun a little while to do it, and do it well. The fairy has to wait in his stocking feet hardly longer than ten minutes. Then the fairy falls to dancing again with practically a new pair of shoes on his feet.

There are not many leprechauns in America. Still, they are beginning to come over, generally, I guess, on the backs of gulls or wild ducks or such-like strong fliers. A leprechaun, even with the leather and little kit of tools, which he always takes with him, doesn't weigh much; but it is a long trip across the ocean and would tire a swallow or other little bird to carry extra weight, even a few ounces.

I rather think that some leprechauns cross the Atlantic by stowing themselves away in vessels. The dining-room stewards on the big steamers hear a queer noise in the pantry sometimes. The stewards think it is mice but they don't see the mice and it may be leprechauns wearing invisible caps. At any rate, leprechauns do get over to the United States, somehow.

I never saw a leprechaun in my town, though, until quite recently. Then I did and so did Susan and Joe and their Airedale, Sandy. This was the way of it:

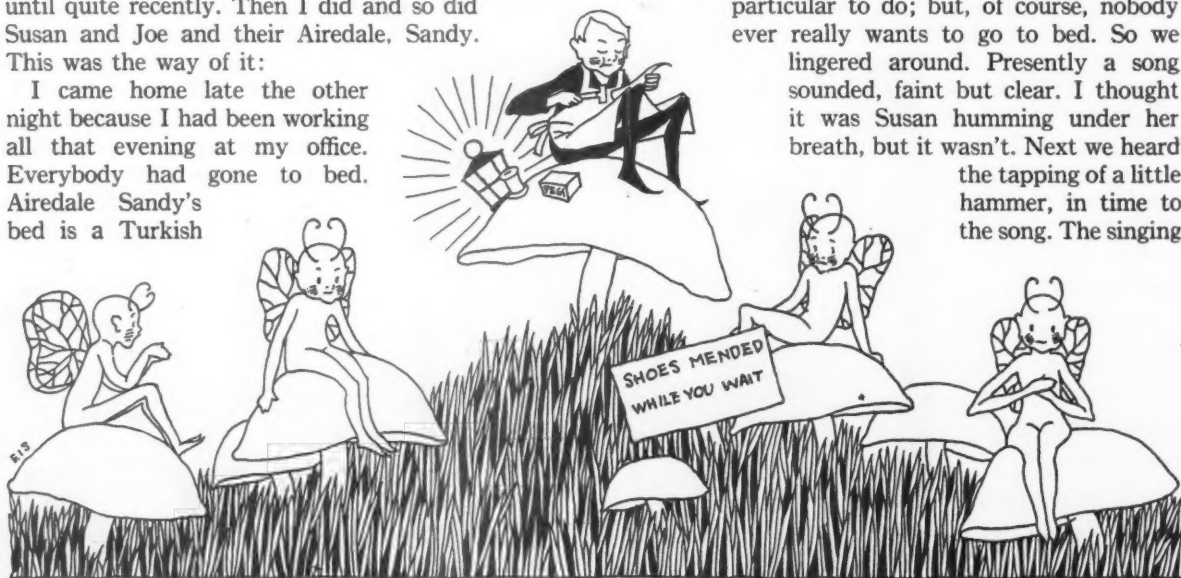
I came home late the other night because I had been working all that evening at my office. Everybody had gone to bed. Airedale Sandy's bed is a Turkish

rug on the library floor. That sounds grand but it isn't really. The rug is only two by three and was burnt full of holes last winter when embers from an open fire of hickory logs flew all over the room. The house almost caught fire, that time. The rug was thrown away then as useless, but Susan fished it out of the garbage can and darned it neatly for a bed for Sandy. Before that, Sandy slept on a rag carpet.

But I'm telling you about the one particular evening when I came home late. Sandy opened his right eye, blinked at me, offered his paw and thumped the rug two or three times with his tail, but didn't get up at first, because he was too sleepy.

I had a box of candy with me, and gave a long, low whistle. That is the signal to Susan and Joe, when there is anything good to eat late at night. There was danger, of course, of waking a grown-up and having him call out that it was half past eleven and please be sure to lock the front door and put out the light. Luckily, though, only Susan and Joe heard me whistle. Susan heard it first but took time to wash her hands. Joe didn't bother about that. He jumped into his dressing gown and the Indian moccasins, which his father brought him from Colorado, and slid down the banister. Susan slipped on her wrapper and bedroom slippers and tiptoed down the stairs. We grinned at each other and fell to at the candy. Sandy now grew wide awake but we stayed his stomach with a gumdrop. It was so sticky that he couldn't gulp it right down.

After we finished the candy, there was nothing particular to do; but, of course, nobody ever really wants to go to bed. So we lingered around. Presently a song sounded, faint but clear. I thought it was Susan humming under her breath, but it wasn't. Next we heard the tapping of a little hammer, in time to the song. The singing



and the tapping came from an upper floor. Following the sound, we stole up two flights of stairs. A beam of light came through the keyhole of the linen closet in the third story of the house. We took turns peeping through the keyhole. Sandy stood on his hind legs and had the same number of looks that the rest of us did. We always share things with Sandy.

It was a sight well worth seeing. The light came from a tiny lantern standing in the linen closet on the table, where the laundress folds the sheets and pillowcases before laying them on the shelves. There was no flame in the lantern. A firefly moved around inside the lantern. That made the light. On the table sat a small old man, bareheaded and cross-legged. He was dressed in a tattered and soiled green suit but wore a good leather apron. He was about as tall as my middle finger, I guess, although I didn't measure him. At his side was a pitcher of milk the size of a thimble. There was a speck of a goblet by the pitcher. Every now and then the small old man filled his glass, drank it up and smacked his lips. Once he stood up and danced a jig, because his legs were getting cramped, from sitting cross-legged.

Mostly, he was hard at work, mending a pair of tiny shoes. The shoes needed mending badly. But the small old man was a good cobbler. He pegged the soles busily. You could hear the tap of his hammer, as he drove the pegs in. All the time he sang the song, which we had heard first when we sat downstairs. One of the tiny shoes was torn at the side. At the sight of that damage, the small old man shook his head and said, to himself, "Oh my, oh my!" Probably he meant that the shoe was badly torn. However, he whipped out a needle and some waxed thread and repaired the shoe perfectly. You couldn't tell the place where the hole had been.

If you see a fairy without his invisible cap on, the rule is to look him steadily in the eye. That will hold him, while you are hunting for his cap. He may be sitting on it, but anyhow it will probably be

somewhere near him. Neither the cap nor the fairy are invisible, while the cap is off the fairy's head. Find the cap and grab it, if you possibly can. So long as you safely keep a fairy's cap, that fairy has to mind you and do some great good thing for you, before you are obliged to give him back his cap and let him go. Suppose you just try it yourself sometime.

Very softly and swiftly we opened the closet door and fixed our eyes on that fairy before he knew it. We could see that he was taken by surprise, because his hand shook and he dropped his hammer. But nobody would have known it from the cool way he began to talk.

It was then early morning, a little after midnight. Said he, "The top of the morning to you, Susan." Susan answered, "The same to you, small old man." He went on, "It bids fair to be a cold winter day." Then he and Susan talked about the

weather. He allowed that he hadn't known so much snow in fifteen years. Susan couldn't remember that far back, so she dropped the subject of the weather.

The fairy took another swig of milk to show us that it was good and he offered us a glassful. We shook our heads, Sandy and all of us, because we were afraid that there might be some magic in the milk to make us close our eyes or turn them away.

The next thing the fairy did was to show us, with some pride, the mended shoes. He seemed pleased when we told him that it was a good job. We could see the shoes without taking our eyes off the fairy.

Finally, he shoved his kit of tools into a handbag and said, "Well, I must be going." Susan answered for all of us, "Not yet, small old man; you can't, while we have our eyes on you." He pretended to think that Susan was joking and he burst out laughing.

But we didn't crack a smile. We kept looking at him steadily. We thought to ourselves, "Almost every fairy escapes, in one way or another; but we mustn't let this one get away." Just then Susan noticed that the fairy was sitting on something to

[Continued on page 178]



JOE AND SUSAN AND SANDY, THE AIRDALE



Elmer Schachner

# THE STORY OF THE HARP

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL.B.

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago, Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians.*

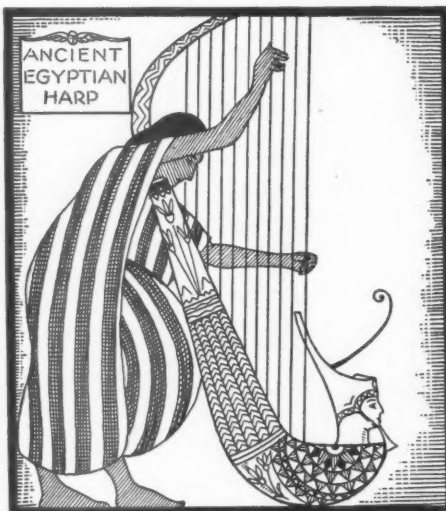
OLDER than America, older than Rome, older than Babylon, older than the written or pictured story of man is a musical instrument still in everyday use; *that instrument is the harp*. Who made the first harp? What gave him the thought—for every invention, every act, good or bad, is the result of a thought. So thoughts are really the most important things in our lives. The old

Greeks said that Mercury discovered their little harp, called the lyre. These imaginative Greeks tell fascinating stories of the origin of many of our musical instruments, and I want you to read all you can of Apollo and the nine Muses, for then you will know that music and musical instruments were highly honored by the Greeks and by all ancient people as being gifts from the gods, and not merely mechanical inventions of man.

Perhaps we ought to make sure just what a harp is. It is a stringed instrument which is plucked by the fingers of the player. The most ancient of lyres (a small type of harp), such as Orpheus played when he moved rocks and stones by his wonderful music, had only three or four strings, but the Egyptians, whose national instrument was the harp, used instruments with strings up to the number of twenty-three.

Beautiful harps they were, too, as you may

see by many pictures of them taken from carvings and drawings in old Egyptian tombs, and from their story-telling



picture-writing on their monuments and obelisks. These Egyptian harps had no supporting front pillar. Our modern harps have forty-six strings, and also a pillar in front connecting the curved neck, to which the upper end of the strings is fastened, with the sounding-box at the bottom. Remember that all instruments must have a cavity or box connected with it, so that the sound can be gathered together

and increased.

Have you ever played the "Jew's harp"? I used to torture my mother by my continuous performance on this "mouth-harp," which, by the way, is not Jewish and is not a harp. In the case of the "Jew's harp," the cavity of the mouth acts as the sound magnifier, or sounding board, and the hollow, wooden body underneath the strings of a violin or 'cello is the resonator or sounding box of these instruments, and so on through the list. However, the harp is never a loud instrument as compared with a piano, which, as I told you last month, is a boxed-up harp, the strings of which are struck (not plucked) by hammers which are connected with a keyboard. Perhaps the very beginning of the harp was when the savage hunter plucked his taut bow-string, and, liking the musical twang which he heard, he said, "If one tightly stretched string sounds good, two such strings

ought to sound better." So then he put two tight strings on his bow and plucked them with more pleasure than ever and



Grecian Lyre



Harp from Burma



Egyptian Harp





Scotch Harp

by doing this he became the maker of the first primitive lyre, or harp. The Old Testament—written when the harp



Old Irish Harp

trouveres, bards, as they are variously called, went about from town to town and from castle to castle telling stories and



Modern Harp

was already an old instrument—is full of references to one or another kind of plucked, stringed instruments. In the very first book of the Bible it is written that Jubal, son of Lamech, was “the father of them that play upon the kinnor (cithara or harp) and the ugab (pipe). The Assyrians, Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and in fact all ancient nations used the harp in one or another of its forms throughout their history. From the small hand-harps (lyres) to the large sizes used in temple worship these ancient harps were graceful and beautifully ornamented instruments, just as were our earliest, hand-made harpsichords, spinets and clavichords. Through these early centuries the harp was not used as a solo instrument but rather as an accompaniment to song, recitation or dancing. Instrumental music as solo music is probably not over seven or eight hundred years old and that is a short space of time as compared to the long life of the dance, the song, and dramatic recitation.

In these olden days all poems were recited to music, and most poets and playwrights were composers and performers themselves. Since our Christian era each land has had its wandering story tellers and entertainers. These minstrels took the place that newspapers, theaters and the movies take now, for people liked to know the gossip of the day as well as they loved to hear repeated the stirring old myths and legends. The people of every century have had to have entertainment and fun just as do we, and since for centuries there were no railroads, telegraphs, or even printing presses, these minstrels troubadours,

entertaining rich and poor alike. These wandering minstrels used small harps (and sometimes other instruments) as their musical accompaniment. Ireland in particular is associated with this historic and poetic instrument—the harp. Centuries before the good St. Patrick converted the Irish kingdoms (there were several kingdoms on the Isle of Erin) an Egyptian wrote this: “There is a city there (in Ireland) whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, as they play, chant sacred hymns to Apollo.” Through the centuries Ireland has been a singing land, a land of minstrelsy, of traveling “troubadours”—as minstrels were called in southern France. Great festivals of song were held every few years in Erin and such a festival was called a *Feis*, just as the Welsh called (and still call) their annual tournament of song an *Eisteddfod*.

In early Christian times the church did not approve of the revelry which these three-day feasts and festivals encouraged, and the *Feis* was condemned and prohibited. Of course, you know the tune that is sung throughout the world to these well known words of Thomas Moore:

“The harp that once through Tara’s halls,  
The soul of Music shed,  
Now hangs as mute  
on Tara’s walls  
As if that soul had  
fled.”

The reason of this poem is that the last great Irish harp and song tournament (*Feis*) held in the year 560 was, in the opinion of Saint Ruadhan of Lorrha, more evil than good, and he cursed it, saying it should never be held again. So it was that never more was the harp heard in



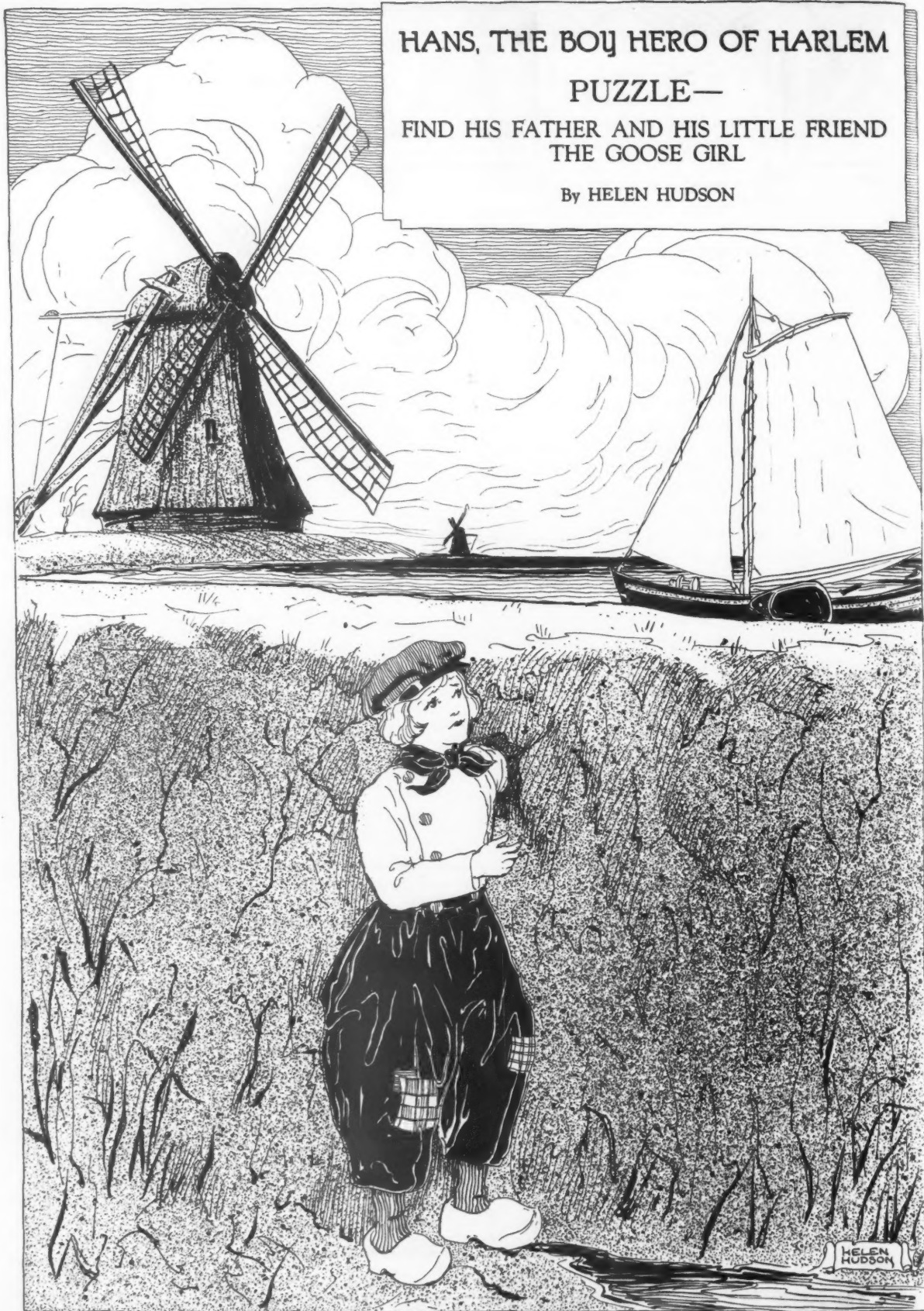
(Continued on  
page 180)

## HANS, THE BOY HERO OF HARLEM

## PUZZLE—

FIND HIS FATHER AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND  
THE GOOSE GIRL

By HELEN HUDSON



# The welcome that had to be washed away



This is Helen—after Jerry planted his muddy paws on her

HELEN arrived, all by herself, to visit her Aunt Mary. Up the steps and into the house she went—to be greeted with hugs and kisses.

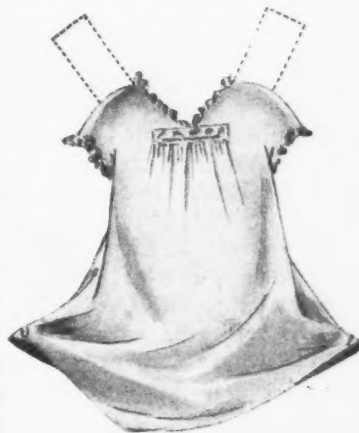
"Deary me, you look clean and neat as a pin!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, taking Helen's bag and coat and hat.

But no sooner had she said the words than in rushed Jerry, the Airedale pup. Leaping and bounding with delight, he planted his muddy front paws on Helen—leaving great splotches all over her fresh clean dress!

"Down, Jerry, down!" said Aunt Mary sternly, for just a trace of a tear glistened in Helen's eyes. "You shouldn't say 'how-do-you-do' like that!" "He's made my party dress look dreadful for visiting," sniffed Helen.

"Don't you worry about that, dear," said Aunt Mary, smiling. "Fels-Naptha Soap will take out those muddy footprints without any trouble at all. Why, we've been using Fels-Naptha for years to wash little girls' clothes like yours!"

This is Helen's dress—after it had been washed spotlessly clean with Fels-Naptha Soap



(With a crayon you can color Helen's dress any shade you like.)

Paste Helen and Helen's clean dress on a piece of cardboard. Then put Helen's clean dress on her, over the muddy one.

© 1928, Fels & Co.

## FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR  
WITH THE  
CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha Soap brings extra help to the whole family wash—the extra help of two active cleaners, working together. Naptha, the safe cleaner that dry cleaners use, blended with good golden soap by the special Fels-Naptha process. The naptha loosens the grime and dirt, and the rich, soapy suds wash them away. Together, they give

the extra help that takes the place of hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha works effectively in washing-machine or tub, or when clothes are boiled.

It works in cool or lukewarm water—and it's gentle to the hands! Next wash-day, see that Fels-Naptha brings its extra help to your house. You can order Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer.



# THE LITTLE BABY WHO HADN'T ANY TEETH

BY MARY PAXTON

ONE day the Little Baby lay crying in his crib.

"Why are you crying, Little Baby?" asked the Rattle.

"I'm crying," said the Little Baby, "'cause I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth."

"Then, why don't you go tooth hunting on the Green Farm?" asked the Rattle.

So the Little Baby hopped on the Hobby Horse, rocked out the front door, straight for the Green Farm.

There he met the Goose.

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s!" hissed the Goose.

"Excuse me, Miss Goose," said the Little Baby, "but I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth. Will you lend me a tooth?"

"I'd like to help you, Little Baby," said the Goose, "but I haven't any tooth. Why don't you go tooth hunting in the Tall Woods?"

The Little Baby thanked her politely, turned round the Hobby Horse and rocked for the Tall Woods.

There he met the Lion.

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" roared the Lion.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lion," said the Little Baby, "but I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth. Will you lend me a tooth?"

"I'd like to help you, Little Baby," said the Lion, "but my teeth are all too big. Why don't you go tooth hunting on the Green Farm?"

The Little Baby thanked him politely, turned round the Hobby Horse, and rocked for the Green Farm.

There he met the Duck with the six little Ducklings.

"Quack!" said the Duck.

"Deedle, deedle, deedle!" said the six little Ducklings.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Duck," said the Little Baby, "but I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth. Will you lend me a tooth?"

"I'd like to help you, Little Baby," said the Duck, "but I haven't any tooth. Why don't you



go tooth hunting in the Tall Woods?"

The Little Baby thanked her politely, turned round the Hobby Horse and rocked for the Tall Woods.

There he met the Bear.

"Gr-gr-gr-gr-gr-gr!" growled the Bear.

"Excuse me, Mr. Bear," said the Little Baby, "but I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't

any tooth. Will you lend me a tooth?"

"I'd like to help you, Little Baby," said the Bear, "but my teeth are all too big. Why don't you go tooth hunting on the Green Farm?"

The Little Baby thanked him, turned round the Hobby Horse, and rocked for the Green Farm.

There he met the Sheep with her little new Lamb.

"Ba!" said the Sheep.

"Ma!" said the little new Lamb.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Sheep," said the Little Baby, "but I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth. Will you lend me a tooth?"

"I'd like to help you, Little Baby," said the Sheep, "but my teeth are all too big. Why don't you go tooth hunting in the Tall Woods?"

The Little Baby thanked her politely, turned round the Hobby Horse and rocked for the Tall Woods. And he kept on rocking back and forth between the Tall Woods and the Green Farm until he had asked every creature in the world for a tooth.

When he found not a creature in the world had a tooth his size, he turned round the Hobby Horse and rocked on home and hopped in his crib.

"What are you crying about, Little Baby?"

"I want to be a person and I can't, 'cause I haven't any tooth," sobbed the Little Baby.

"Who said you haven't any tooth?" asked the Rattle.

Then in rushed the Little Baby's mother and his daddy and his two grandmothers and his two grandfathers and his one great-grandfather.

"Look here!" said all those people.

And what do you suppose?

In the Little Baby's mouth was a tooth and it grew right there. And the Little Baby was so glad because now he was a person.





## More lovable . . . more difficult to manage every day

*So many ways in which he  
needs your guidance!*

**THINGS** he neglects . . . things he forgets . . . things he doesn't understand . . . He cannot even guess how much his health and vigor, his whole success in years to come, depend upon your guidance.

Now, beginning to act and think for himself, he grows more lovable every day—but more difficult to look after. The food he will or will not eat at breakfast, for instance, what problems it gives you!

So widespread are bad habits of eating among school children today, particularly at breakfast, that they have become the subject of a nation-wide health campaign.

The American Medical Association and the National Education Association are

today urging all mothers to see that their children eat a *cooked cereal* in the morning.

This rule now hangs on the walls of over 70,000 schools:

*"Every boy and girl needs  
a hot cereal breakfast"*

It is now definitely established that children work better and learn more when they are given a *hot cereal* regularly for breakfast.

How confident you yourself feel that your boy is well fed when you see him putting down a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat before school.

For over thirty years, health authorities and mothers have found Cream of Wheat ideal for growing children for these reasons:

First, it is unusually rich in energy—in

just those food elements needed most by little minds and bodies. Second, it is exceptionally easy to digest, containing none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat. Third, children love its creamy richness so easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking it.

It is easy now to care for your children in this little thing that means so much to their success. The simple plan described below will help you to arouse their enthusiasm for a *hot cereal* breakfast. Start them off to school really prepared for a good day's work. Give them regularly a *hot bowl* of good old Cream of Wheat. All grocers have it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

### FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders!

A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot cereal* breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret for members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Also a copy of the new enlarged edition of "The Important

Business of Feeding Children." This book gives a summary of the most recent findings of authorities on the problem of diet for children and infants, with special pages on what to do for the child who "just won't eat." To get all the club material, as described on the left, and the booklet, free, just mail coupon to Dept. R-12, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



Name of child

First name

Last name

Street

City

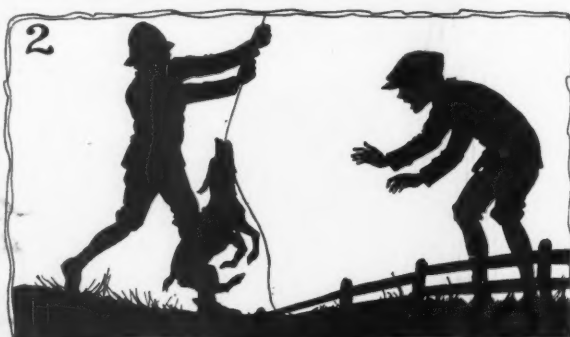
State

# CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



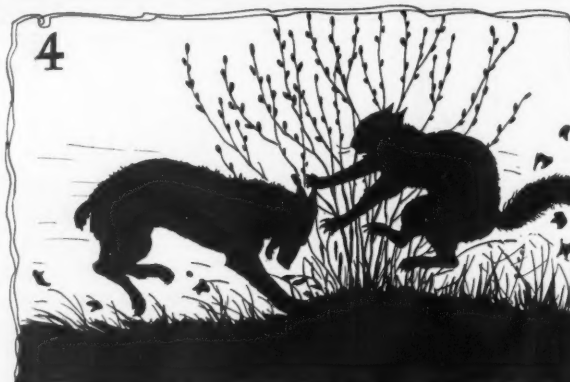
1  
"Go home, Chip!" cried Betsy Ann, from the top of her stilts. She thought it would be too much of a trip if he went along, too.



2  
"Go home, Chip!" shouted Dick and Ted, when he tried to help them fly their kites and nearly went up in the air over it.



3  
"Me-ow, Pst-st!" urged Bartholomew, the next door cat, who could a tail unfold when Chip tried to see how fast she could possibly go.



4  
"Ouch! Er! Er!" This time it was poor nosey Chip talking, for when they reached the pussywills, the cat turned to face—and deface—him!



5  
What a dog's life! Chip, a scratched but wiser pup, fled home, with drooping tail, for comfort and bones from Bab and the rest.







# Each day — these children gain in weight



*So much sturdier you would hardly know him*

1037 Gunderson Ave.,  
Oak Park, Ill.

Donald, who will be 8 next May, has never been really sick, but for a long time he was thin. I decided to see what Horlick's Malted Milk would do for him and began giving it to him every day after school. In a month he gained two pounds, which is nearly four times the average increase, I believe.

Mrs. M. R. Brown



*Both Bobby and Louise have gained steadily*

320 N. Seventh Ave.,  
Maywood, Ill.

My husband always said that Bobby, who is 9, was "just naturally thin." However, I began giving him Horlick's Malted Milk regularly every day and the change has been remarkable. He has gained three pounds in the last three months. Louise, 7, has also been drinking "Horlick's" and her gain for the past two months has been four pounds.

Mrs. James Greenwell



*Jack gained eight pounds — Gloria six*

Wilmette, Ill.

Because his business often necessitates long hours of work, my husband used to have difficulty in keeping fit. Last year he began drinking Horlick's Malted Milk. He benefited so much that when, a few months ago, we noticed that our children, Jack, 10, and Gloria, 7, were underweight, we started giving them "Horlick's" also. Jack has since gained eight pounds and Gloria six.

Mrs. Laura Rettke

## Everywhere mothers tell of results like these—from a delicious food-drink children love

This is why authorities recommend "Horlick's" for children—why it has for many years produced such marvelous results in building sturdy bodies and glowing health.

By the exclusive Horlick method of manufacture all the nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk and malted barley and wheat are combined in a delicious food-drink.

The milk is from inspected herds. It is carefully pasteurized. By the Horlick process, the vitamins which promote growth are retained.

The choice grains are malted in Horlick's own malt house. The essential minerals and

other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. The high-energy, easily digested malt sugars—dextrin and maltose—give it a delicious, malty sweetness.

### You can be sure

In giving your child "Horlick's," you know that you are providing the purest and most wholesome of foods.

"Horlick's" is the original Malted Milk. It is made in the country under ideal sanitary and hygienic conditions.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its superior quality and reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly, at least once a day—at meal times or as an after-school lunch. Keep a record of their weight increase. If they are "free to gain," the results will delight you. (In case of serious underweight condition, see a physician.)

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play, and to build up resistance against illness.



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

Buy a package today and put your children on the road to sturdier health. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine.

Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars

## FREE SAMPLE and SPEEDY MIXER

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.  
Dept. D-6, Racine, Wis.  
In Canada, address  
2155 Pius IX Ave.,  
Montreal

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural) or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk and one Speedy Mixer for quickly mixing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass.



Check sample wanted ☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

*A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. An ideal food beverage for invalids, the aged, infirm, convalescents and nursing mothers. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring*



## New!

### this helpful service to CHILD LIFE readers



Look for Child Life's  
**Seal of Approval**  
when you buy

**Mothers**—here's a new service by Child Life to assure you greater security and satisfaction when you go to buy.

It is a *product certification* service that manufacturers of products advertised in Child Life are rapidly taking advantage of.

Here is how this service works to your advantage:

Often when shopping you have hesitated in making a decision between two or more products offered to you as being equally good. For ordinarily you have no way of telling except by actual trial—sometimes a costly way of finding out.

But if you see the Child Life *Seal of Approval* on *any* product, you can be *sure* that the product will give you full service and satisfaction.

For actual samples of all products bearing the Child Life Seal have been *laboratory tested* under our own supervision.

And if in any respect any product bearing the Child Life Seal does not live up to the claim made for it by its maker, we will see that you get prompt readjustment *or your money back*.

*That is our positive guarantee to you.*

On gelatine, facial and laundry soap, shoes, clothing, cake, flour, candy, toys—whatever you buy for the home and for your children—look for the Child Life Seal of Approval.

It will be a little green seal about the size of a postage stamp or just a plain printing on box, tag or wrapper—like the seal here shown.

Over 1,000,000 of these seals have been distributed to national advertisers since last October. Many more manufacturers are applying for the privilege of using them.



We'll be glad to send you the names of those who are already using our seal, and a complete list of manufacturers who are now having us test their products.

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY**

PUBLISHERS OF CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago



How well can you cook?

That's a question we used to ask Grandmother, often and often, when we were little girls trying very hard to learn to cook. Only we'd ask it about ourselves. We'd say, "How well can we cook, Grandmother?" And then we would wait anxiously for her answer. Grandmother was an excellent cook herself and we knew perfectly well that if *she* said we were good cooks, that settled it.

Grandmother would look at us carefully; she'd think about all the things we had learned since the last time we asked that same question and then she'd say (usually), "You're getting on, my dears, you're getting on."

But one day, when down in the bottom of our hearts we thought we were doing *very well indeed* at this fascinating cooking business, Grandmother didn't say we were getting on—not at all. She said, "A cook is known by the sauces she can make." And then she set about teaching us a lot of things we had never even thought of before.

So, when we started planning the March lesson, we thought about Grandmother and her sauces. We thought, too, about the long stormy Saturdays that March brings in some parts of our big country—days that give such a beautiful chance for cooking. We thought about how food sometimes tastes all alike at the tag end of the winter and we began to wish and wish we could make something different. We

## SAUCES

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Child Life Cook Book," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Terry, Detectives," etc.

"Sauces? What do you mean by sauces?" asks a cook who looks over our shoulder to see the marks the typewriter makes on clean white paper.

Oh, we mean the caramel sauce that turns leftover cake into a delicious pudding; we mean mushroom sauce that makes everyday meat balls into a dish fit for a king and tomato sauce that makes hash "taste like more!" We mean chocolate sauce that turns plain vanilla ice cream into a sundae and cherry sauce—but then, we can't possibly learn all of those in one lesson, so we'd better save the ice cream sauces till some other time.

First, we shall look over our recipes and see what we have learned that is suitable for using with sauces. We can make meat balls and omelet and we can cook many sorts of vegetables. We haven't really studied about hash but we have said that it is made by mixing one part meat to two parts of potato (both cooked, cooled and ground) so we would not mind cooking that. Chops and steaks, too, we can cook and they are all much improved when served with a fine sauce, as are many egg dishes.

As for sweets, we can make apple pudding and pudding cake and we feel sure that we could make bread pudding or corn starch. Or we could take some

thought—quite suddenly we thought—we'll have a lesson on sauces and have it right this very month. So here it is!



(Continued on page 176)



# THE TALE OF AN IRISH COW

By CAROLINE MABRY

**G**RANDFATHER had taken Ruth and Will to Ireland. They were riding about pretty Killarney in a jaunting car, which is a high two-wheeled cart with a seat on each side. Since there was hardly room for three of them and a driver, Grandfather had persuaded the driver to stay behind and let Will guide the horse from the little box in the center.

The cart jostled from side to side, and they were having great fun holding on. In contrast to their own glee as they clutched the sides of the cart, they heard someone sobbing. Will pulled the horse to a stop.

"It's over there by the hedge," Ruth said, standing on the seat to see if she could discover who was crying.

At first, they could see no one, but Will leaning over the purple blossoms of the hedge discovered a boy about his own age huddled down in a hole where the farmers had been digging peat for fuel. He had gathered a pile of broom brush, and had thrown himself across it, sobbing.

"I say—" Will began, not wanting to embarrass the boy by his sudden appearance, "could—could we do anything? There are three of us."

"Yes, what is it?" urged Grandfather kindly. "We hope you'll tell us. Perhaps we can help you."

The boy looked up with wide misty eyes. He wiped them dry on a ragged sleeve. "The leprechauns made off with our cow," he explained, "and they have kept her."

"You mean the Irish fairies who make shoes for all the other fairies?" Ruth asked.

He nodded and seemed once again on the point of crying.

"They don't need a cow, do they?" Will asked.

"Not a bit in the world," the boy answered. "But it's full of mischief they are, and they took her because I had to mind her and never had time to

play with them."

"Maybe they wanted her to make cowhide boots for the fairies," Ruth said.

"I don't know why they want her," he answered sadly. "I saw them with her on the hill this morning, and tried to outdo them. But fairies will trick you every time you look the other way. I took my eyes off them only once, and the hill opened and swallowed the last sign of them."

"How remarkable!" Grandfather said. "Tell us all about it."

"My mother's not got anything but the cow and me," Sean continued, "and I mind the cow while I gather twigs to make brushes. At night we bind the twigs, so Mother can go out the next day and sell them. It's late you'll find us at work. Yesterday I was so sleepy I didn't mind the cow. I fell asleep near a thicket. When I woke up the cow was gone. I hunted up and down for her, and when I couldn't find her I knew the leprechauns had her. With no milk to sell, we have to work harder than ever making brooms."

"And how did you know the leprechauns took her?" Will asked.

"Sure, and I saw them with her this very day, wearin' their little green caps. They danced on her back and swung by her tail, and hopped from one

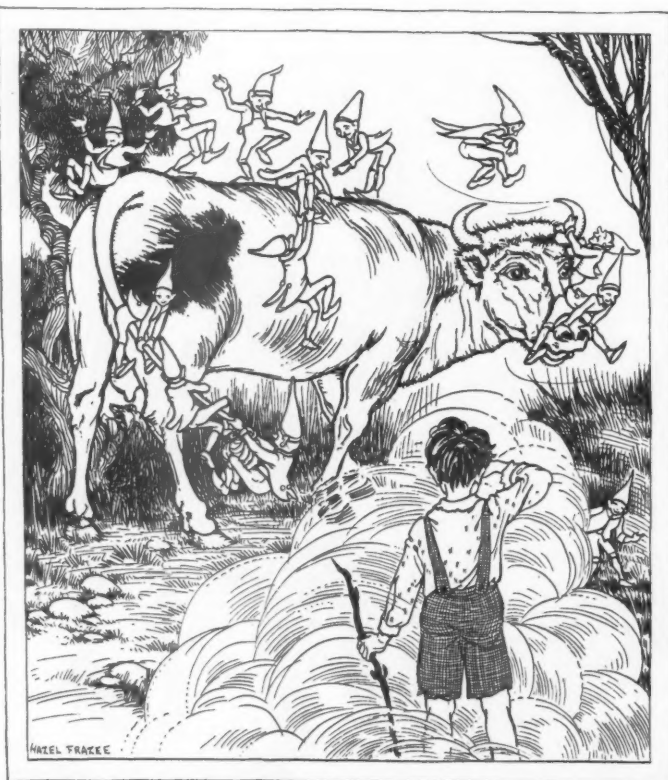
horn to another. It was the merry old time they were havin' with her. I'd have got her back too, if I'd never taken my eyes off. That's the way to keep a leprechaun in sight—never even blink your eye."

"Then why did you do it?" Will demanded.

"The dust. They are slick—the leprechauns. They raised such a cloud of dust in the road, it blew full in my eyes, and when I wiped it out they'd gone with the cow."

"If I catch them with her, I'll never take my eyes off," Will declared.

"Nor I, either," said Ruth.



"If we find them we'll keep an eye on them," Grandfather promised. "With six eyes among us we'll relay the guard duty. In the meantime here's something to cheer you up." There was a jingle of coins as he lowered his hand over the boy's, and dropped two half-crown pieces in it.

"Oh—your honor!" Sean exclaimed gratefully. "Indeed, you're a good man."

"And how shall we know your cow if we meet her?" Ruth asked.

"She's a white cow with a black mark on one flank, and sure, the mark's the shape of the map of Ireland—like the picture on a twopenny Irish stamp. Sure, and you'll know her."

"If we see a cow like that we'll come back and tell you," Will promised.

When they had started to drive on down the road, Will turned to his grandfather. "Do you think the leprechauns got her?" he asked.

"What do you think?" Grandfather questioned, smiling.

"I shouldn't wonder if he fell asleep and dreamed he saw them," Will answered thoughtfully.

"But there are leprechauns," Ruth insisted. "The Irish stories say so."

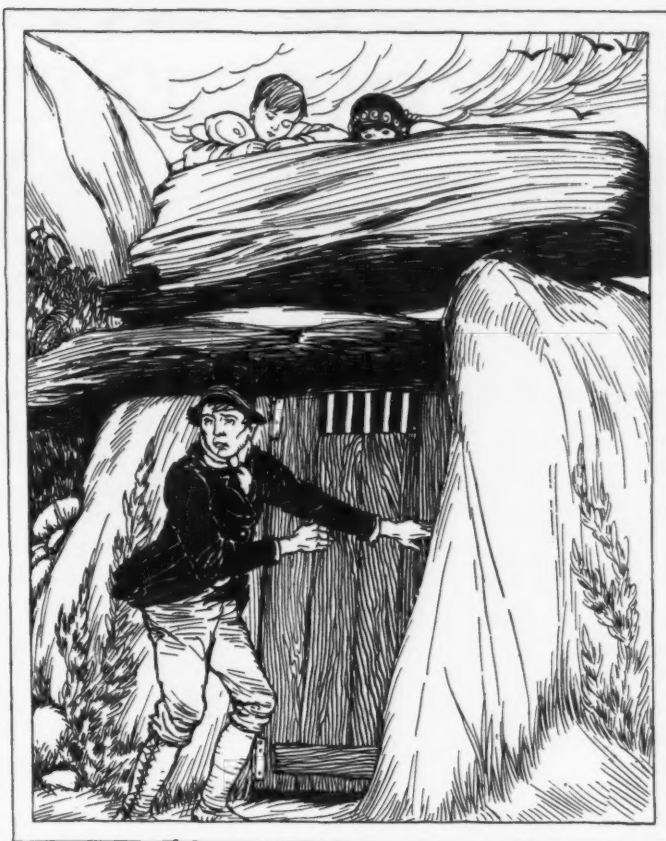
"Maybe there are," Grandfather answered. "I haven't seen one myself, but who knows? I think, though, Will may be right about the cow. She wandered off, or someone led her away."

They drove on through a deep wild glen hemmed in by the mountains. They saw many white cows grazing in the hilly pastures or cooling themselves in the streams, but none were like the one Sean had described.

The children were returning to Killarney by another road, and passed back of the hillside where Sean lived. As they crossed a bridge they heard a cow bawling, and it sounded as if she were in trouble.

They stopped the horse, but look as they would, they could not find a cow anywhere.

"It seems to come from inside the mountain," Grandfather said, puzzled.



"Maybe that's where the leprechauns keep Sean's cow," Ruth suggested.

Will threw the reins over to Grandfather, and climbed down from the jaunting car. He stood looking up at the mountain. Great rocks had fallen down the side and lay covered with moss near the road. Will climbed over them, and Ruth, who had also jumped down from the cart, followed him. Scrambling from one slippery rock to another, they came to a cave formed in the side of the mountain and hemmed in by the boulders. They never could have seen it except from

the top of the rock where they stood. The entrance was closed by a wooden door with iron bars near the top to let in a little air.

Will crawled across the rock and down its slippery heights. He tried the door. It was locked. He pulled and pulled at it but he could not open it. Of one thing he was certain now. There was a cow inside the cave, for the bawling continued, and it came from that direction. But there was no certainty that it was Sean's cow.

While the children were wondering what to do next, they heard footsteps.

"S-h-h," Will cautioned, scrambling back up the side of the rock, for he had seen a rough ugly man coming toward the cave.

Will motioned Ruth to lie flat on the rock and he did the same.

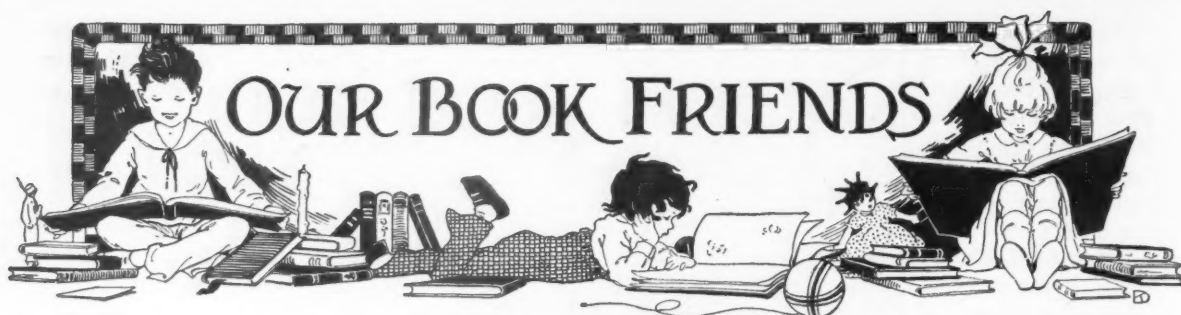
The man approached, looking stealthily about. When he saw no one, he unlocked the door, and then he came out leading a cow with a black spot on her flank like the map of Ireland.

Will and Ruth scarcely breathed, but they watched him closely. He let the cow eat all the grass she wanted, and then when he led her to the stream for water, Ruth and Will slipped down from the rock, and ran back to tell Grandfather about it.

"We've found Sean's cow. A man who looks like a pirate has got her. What'll we do? Make him give her up?"

"We might have trouble getting her from him,

[Continued on page 174]



By MARJORIE BARROWS

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,  
There's always Pooh and Me.  
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,  
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,  
It isn't much fun for one, but two  
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.  
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

From "Now We Are Six"—MILNE

ALL of us have some little friends that are almost as comfortable and funny as Christopher Robin's Pooh, who sat down on some of the pages of Christopher's jolly new book by mistake. But perhaps the best friends of all are those we'll find in our favorite books.

Among the new books are any number of friends we've already been introduced to. Walter de la Mare in his beautiful *Told Again* has retold in the loveliest way possible the stories of "Rumplestiltskin," "Dick Whittington," "Rapunzel," and sixteen other old favorites.

He tells you more about them than the old story tellers did; you see them much more clearly and feel what they feel. For instance, did you ever feel quite this way, when Cinderella's Godmother arrived?

Cinderella rose from her stool, lit the tallow candle in an old copper candlestick, and lifting the latch peered out into the night.

The stars of huge Orion were wildly shaking in the dark hollow of the sky, the cold air lapped her cheek; and the garden was mantled deep and white as wool with snow. And behold on the doorstep stood a little old humpbacked woman, with a steeple hat on her head, and over her round shoulders a buckled green cloak that came down to her very heels. . . . Her green eyes gleamed in the candlelight, as she peered into the gloom of the kitchen.

Or did you ever picture Jack's mother and Jack, after he had killed the Ogre, in this way?

Of summer evenings they would often sit together a little beyond the porch of the cottage, with its clump of jasmine, and when the stars began to blink in the heavens Jack would lay his hand softly on the wood of the Ogre's Harp. So sweet were its strains that even the little Hen, with her head tucked in beneath her gold-fringed feathers under the roof of her hutch, would cluck softly out of her dreams, as if in reply.

Wallace Wadsworth in *The Real Story Book* (a volume full of Margaret Evans Price's gay

pictures) also retells some of the old, old tales, and his simply written stories of "Little Black Sambo," "Goldilocks," "The Gingerbread Man," and other familiar friends of nursery days are sure to charm little brother and sister.

We're always glad to welcome new friends, too, especially ones like "Funny Little Friends of Ours" who live in a linen book that won't tear. Here are Daisy Duck, the Frog Boys, Eek, Squeek, Uncle Erp and Violet and Simon in the Cretonne Wood, and even before you read Mr. Nesbit's jingles about them you'll have to stop and laugh over our own John Gee's jolly colorful pictures, that many people call the most delightful nursery book pictures of the year.

### FANCIFUL NEW BOOKS

- Now We Are Six** - - - - - A. A. Milne  
Decorations by E. H. Shepard  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Told Again** - - - - - Walter de la Mare  
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
- The Real Story Book** - - - - - Wallace C. Wadsworth  
Illustrations by Margaret Evans Price  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Funny Little Friends of Ours** - - - - - Wilbur D. Nesbit  
Pictures by John Gee  
P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY, JOLIET, ILL.
- Pantaloon** - - - - - Edith Keeley Stokeley  
Illustrations by Gertrude Kay  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Adventures of Andy** - - - - - Margery Williams Bianco  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- In the Garden of the Little Lame Princess** - - - - -  
Myrtle Jamison Trachsel  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales** - - - - - Caroline D. Emerson  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Wonder Smith and His Son** - - - - - Ella Young  
Illustrated by Boris Ariszbashoff  
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Janitor's Cat** - - - - - Theodore Acland Harper  
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Moon's Birthday** - - - - - Dorothy Rowe  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Animal Alphabet** - - - - - Harrison Cady  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON



# Book-Elf Finds the Storyland Playhouse



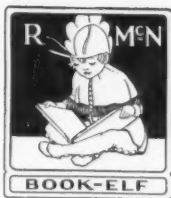
## The House of Happiness

BOOK-ELF was walking up the hillside thinking of his exciting adventure in the forest with King Arthur. He wondered what would happen next. Since his discovery of the people and characters who live in books, he had had one adventure after another.

Book-Elf noticed a great deal of activity in a house on top of the hill. Boys and girls were passing to and fro, but he was puzzled as he came nearer because there was no noise or confusion.

He decided that he would investigate and so knocked on the door. Someone called—"Come right in." There were boys and girls of different ages all busily engaged. At one table sat two boys and a little girl. With a bottle of paste, scissors and odds and ends they had made the most surprising things! Paper hats, caps, animals and birds, and all sorts of queer people. Book-Elf looked so puzzled the children began to laugh.

"We belong to the Activities Club," they said. "The Make-It Book tells us how to make all of these things, and many more too." After putting his hammer down, the boy at the next table cried, "Look at the

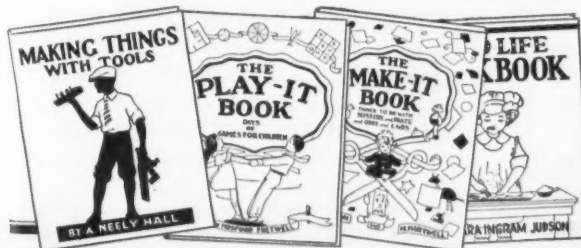


wood animal I just made. I belong to the Activities Club too, and am learning to make all kinds of things from my book Making Things With Tools."

"Won't you have some of my muffins?," asked the girl who had been watching the oven. "The recipe is from my Child Life Cook Book and I belong to the Activities Club too." Book-Elf ate the delicious muffin and said, "You are the most interesting children I have ever met. That is because you are all active and busy doing things you like to do."

"But that isn't all," the children cried, "Here is The Play-It Book. It has games of every description. We could not get along without it in our Activities Club." Book-Elf smiled. "This is the House of Happiness and all because of the fascinating Activities Books, 'The Make-It Book,' 'Making Things with Tools,' 'Child Life Cook Book,' and 'The Play-It Book.' I'm going to tell mothers and boys and girls everywhere about them," Book-Elf said as he waved good-by.

(To be continued)



Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-3  
536 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

☐ I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me postpaid a copy of your folder on the Activities Books.

☐ Help me to select books for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....



## JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert's and Ruth's Adventures  
in Soap Land



ONE morning Robert and Ruth were blowing soap bubbles, when the Golden Goblin appeared. He came right out of Ruth's soap-bubble pipe, all curled up in a bubble!

The bubble grew larger and larger, and as it came to rest on the ground beside them, Robert and Ruth saw that it had a door. The door opened suddenly, and the Golden Goblin, sticking his head out, shouted gleefully,

"How would you like to go to Soap Land, where the soap for your bubbles was made?"

Robert's and Ruth's eyes grew big with excitement. "Oh, that would be fun!" they cried.

"Then hop in," said the Golden Goblin, and the next instant they were floating up, up, over the tree-tops, over the countryside—then down, down, right through a window of the huge Fels-Naptha Soap plant in Philadelphia, into a room filled with barrels. Hundreds of them!

"Goodness gracious," said Ruth, "what is in all those barrels?"

"Lots and lots of different things to make Fels-Naptha Soap," replied the Golden Goblin. "We'd have to go to many far-off lands to see where they all came from. There are cocoanut oils from the South Sea Isles, clear 'round on the other side of the world. There are palm oils from the African jungles, and from China there comes another kind of oil which the coolies press from the soya beans."

*BECAUSE of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life. Every boy or girl who writes a letter, telling what advertiser in Child Life they would like to have Robert and Ruth visit, will receive a surprise gift. Write to Robert and Ruth, care of Child Life, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.*

"Are all these barrels filled with oil?" asked Robert.

"No indeed!" exclaimed the Golden Goblin. "Some of the barrels are filled with tallow from the Argentine, and some with fats from our own country. Indeed, the very same things that go into good toilet soap go into Fels-Naptha. And most important of all, there is naptha, too."

"Naptha—what's that?" asked Robert, curiously.

"Naptha is the leader of all harmless cleaners. 'Dry cleaners' use it, you know!" answered the Golden Goblin. "It loosens dirt, even greasy dirt."

"But what happens to all the different things that are in these barrels?" asked Ruth. "How do you make soap out of them?"

"The other soap-materials are inspected, to make sure they're up to Fels-Naptha standards," replied the Golden Goblin. "Then, they are all mixed together in a great big tank. Each material helps the other, and together they make the soap you see. Come on and I'll show you how the soap looks when it's all mixed and ready to be drawn off."

Robert and Ruth followed him into a room, filled with huge containers that the Golden Goblin called "frames."

"The soap pours right into these—look!" he exclaimed, pointing to a thick golden stream that flowed exactly like molasses candy into one of the frames. It filled it to the very brim, and then

(Continued on page 192)



# THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

## WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Billy and Klink Miller, while visiting at their grandfather's farm, find a large packing box floating in a big pool of overflow water from the river. Turning this up on end, it makes a splendid playhouse, which they call the Hide-and-Seek house, and an old tub that will really float serves them for a boat. The only thing lacking is a pirate, and when Uncle Nat floats down the river on his raft, on which there is a regular shanty, in which he eats and sleeps and lives, the boys decide that he makes as satisfactory a companion as a regular pirate would, and accept his invitation to dinner. He takes them for a call at the "doughnut factory" over at the river drivers' camp across the river, and they have such delightful times that they decide that, while they will still stay with their grandpa nights, they will be pirates along with Uncle Nat in the daytime.

## PART TWO

IT WAS pretty early next morning when Klink and Billy crawled through the currant bushes and found their Hide-and-Seek house just as they had left it, except that somebody was sitting in it with his long legs drawn up in front of him and his hands clasped around his knees.

"It's a big boy," said Klink behind his hand to Billy. "Another pirate, as likely as not."

The fellow in the Hide-and-Seek house heard this and spoke up briskly. "Yes," he agreed, "I am a pirate. I'm Captain Kid."

"Captain Kidd is dead," objected Klink, staring. "He would be more than two hundred years old, I guess, if he were alive."

"Well, I'm fourteen," declared the visitor, "but they call me a kid at home. And I'm captain of a boat; so that makes me Captain Kid, doesn't it? Only you spell it with one 'd' instead of two."

"Where is your boat?" asked Billy, looking eagerly around.

"Over there behind the bushes. The water up in this pool is too shallow for it, so I left it while I came poking in here to see what was going on."

"We're going to find our own pirate, and we've got a boat of our own too,"

By MABEL S. MERRILL

cried Billy as he ran to the tub at the edge of the water.

Captain Kid laughed as he watched them hop into the tub and begin pushing it down towards the raft which was moored by a clump of willows. They forgot all about the visitor at Hide-and-Seek house as they jumped on board the raft. The door of the shanty was closed and when they tried it they found that it was locked.

"Our pirate must have gone off somewhere," Klink gazed about blankly.

"Maybe he's gone over to the doughnut factory to get some new ones for breakfast," suggested Billy. "Say, Klink, I brought some fishlines. Let's sit down on the edge of the raft and fish till he comes."

They sat down at the back of the shanty, leaning against the outside of it while they dangled their lines in the water. It was very still out there under the bank and the raft was swinging sleepily on the long smooth swell that came in from the river. The boys were soon drowsy, for they had waked up much

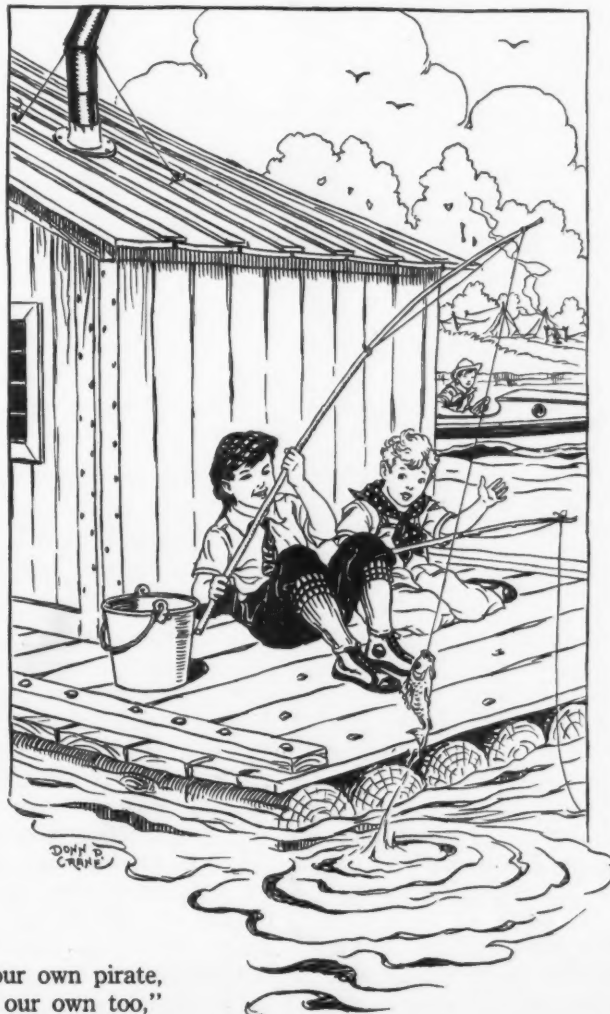
earlier than usual. Perhaps they took a nap of forty winks or so. At any rate, they never noticed that the raft was moving till they bumped a floating log. Then they looked and saw that they were some yards from the shore and moving slowly down river.

"The raft has got loose. Look! There's the rope that tied it," cried Billy.

"We can't get ashore," said Klink, "and we can't stop the raft. We're going out to sea just like they do in a story."

"Well, I wish the pirate was here," said Billy slowly. "You and I don't know how to go to sea, Klink Miller. And where're our provisions? Tell me that!"

The raft went swinging out towards the middle of the river and began to go faster. Soon they saw the white tents of the river drivers in the hollow of





the opposite bank, but the men had all gone down the river to work by this time and the cook was over in the doughnut factory. They called with all their might but he did not hear them. Of course he was frying doughnuts as hard as he could jump. The raft kept on its way and the boys sat against the back wall of the shanty and looked at each other.

"How long will it take to get to the high seas?" asked Klink. It was always the high seas where people went in books.

"Don't know," muttered Billy. But just then the raft drifted up against a rock in mid-stream and stopped.

"We shall have to stay right here till somebody comes along in a boat," said Klink. "Let's fish some more. Maybe they'll bite better out here."

Sure enough, luck seemed to have changed. Billy felt his line wriggle almost as soon as he dropped the hook in the water. He gave a quick pull and up came a handsome white perch. Then Klink got one and after that they were so excited that they forgot all about being adrift on a raft, with no way of getting ashore.

They jumped when a voice close by them said, "Hey, that's no place to fish."

They looked up and there was Captain Kid in his red motor boat, the same one they had seen shooting by yesterday. He had drifted down river quietly when they were not looking, and caught up with them.

"No place to fish?" repeated Billy. "Well, we've got some, anyhow."

"Whew, so you have." Captain Kid stared at the two white perch stowed away on the end of the raft. But I know of a better place, honest. Want me to pull you out of here?"

"Well, I suppose we shall have to go ashore sometime," said Billy, and Captain Kid nodded.

"Sit still and hold tight and you'll see how the *Red Queen* does things."

In a twinkling he made a stout rope fast to the front end of the raft. The rope was tied to the rail of his own boat and when he started his engine the

*Red Queen* began to shoot down river, dragging the raft along behind it.

"Look here," shouted Billy, "you're going the wrong way. We want to take the raft back to where we found it. The pirate will think we're running away with it."

"I am running away with it," sang out Captain Kid as he bent over the *Red Queen's* engine. "Sit down and hang on, I tell you."

With that, they were off down river so fast that the white tents of the drivers' camp were out of sight in two minutes. They saw the cook pop his head up out of that sandy hollow where the doughnut factory was. Klink was pretty sure he had a doughnut on that same long-handled fork he had waved at them yesterday.

"We are going to sea, honest to goodness!" cried Billy. "Grandpa said yesterday it wasn't far down to the bay and the bay is a part of the ocean."

Klink nodded excitedly. It was true that the water looked much wider as they went on. They began to pass islands and there were long stretches of mixed land and water which they knew were the salt marshes they had often read about.

"You can tell that we've got into salt water because it's green when you look down into it," said Billy. "I guess

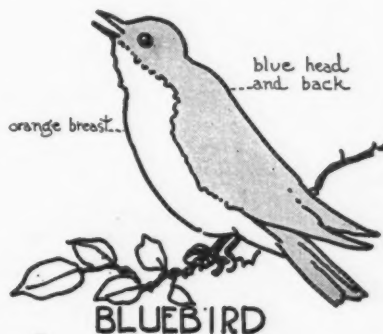
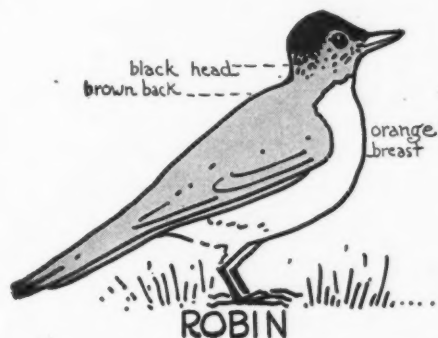
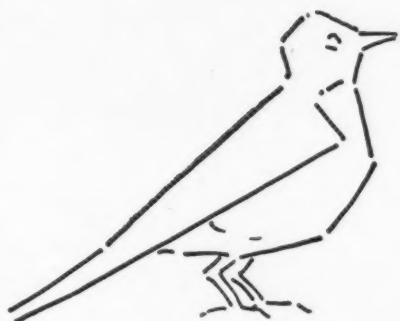
Captain Kid is going to take us to Africa, or somewhere, before he stops."

But they did not get to Africa that morning. Captain Kid suddenly ran his boat up on the shore of a little island, then he pulled at the rope till the raft came ashore too and lay on the water beside the *Red Queen*.

Billy and Klink came around to the front of the shanty to see what was going to happen next. They were standing quite near that closed door when it opened so suddenly that they almost fell over in a heap. Then they just stood and stared, for there in the open door was their very own pirate smoothing his gray beard as he looked down at them. He



(Continued on page 172)



## When the Birds Are Homeward Bound Capture Them With Crayolas

SOON the robin and bluebird... the thrush and meadow lark... the swallow and bobolink... proud in their plumage of many colors... happy in the joy of being home again will be singing their sweet songs of Spring.

Why not capture a few of these merry songsters for your own self. You can do it easily with your box of Crayola Crayon.

Start with the Robin. First, draw the outline with light *straight* lines making the lines slant as they do in the picture. When you have the outline just right,

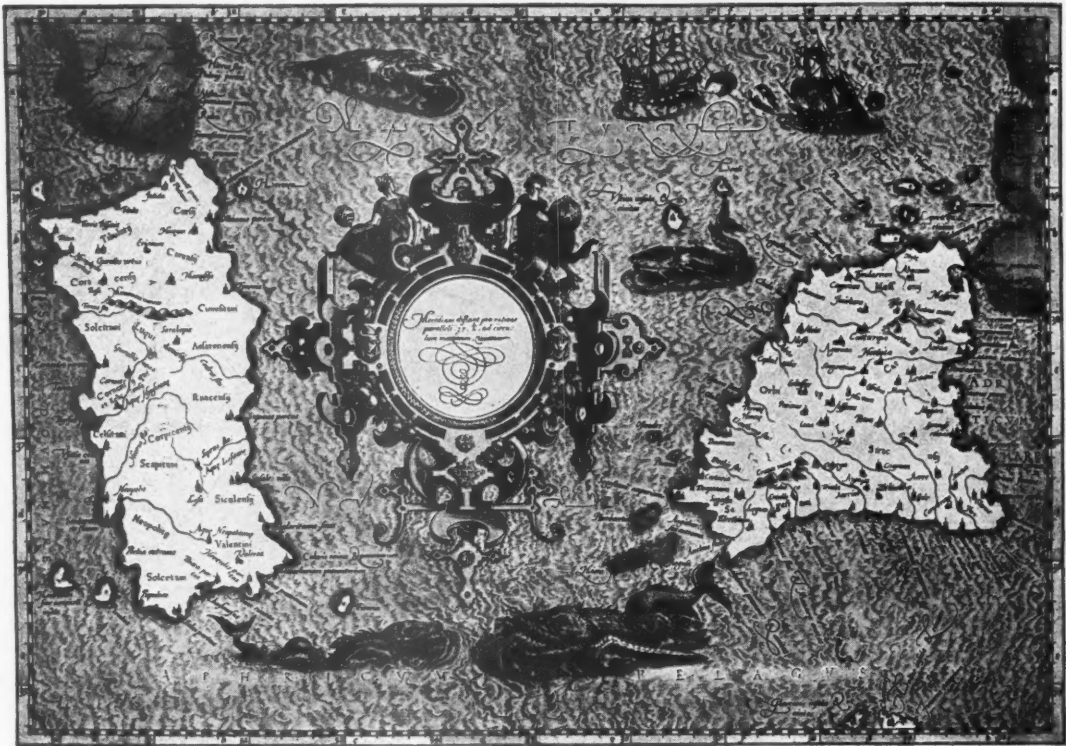
go over it with *black* CRAYOLA making the lines very firm and *curved*. Now, fill in the colors with smooth straight CRAYOLA strokes. Use *orange* for the breast and *brown* for the back... and don't forget the green, green grass.

That's the way to capture "Cock Robin" in all his bright colors... or the Bluebird... or any Bird. Try out this idea. You will be proud of your work and happy that "Spring is just around the corner."

**W**HENEVER you go to the store for CRAYOLA, ask for "CRAYOLA wax crayon in the yellow and green box." Be sure it says "CRAYOLA" on the box.



**BINNEY & SMITH Co.**  
41 East 42<sup>nd</sup> Street New York, N. Y.



## Some terrors of the DEEP

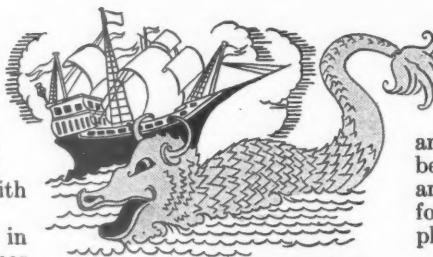
IT was a hostile world, with civilized man huddled in a small and not-too-safe corner!

Beyond, enormous monsters bared huge teeth, spat flames and slapped the waters with mountainous flukes.

Legends, neatly inscribed in Latin, told of fearful hurricanes and of malicious demons who lay in wait for unwary mariners.

And most men of the early sixteenth century, who saw these things on their maps, really believed in them. Columbus' crew, but a little before, had had to be recruited largely from unwilling landsmen who looked upon their conscription for the voyage as a sentence of death.

It was the unknown that terrified! And as the unknown dwindled and became known—



as sea after sea, continent after continent, was explored and charted—the earth took on a friendlier aspect.

No longer are maps so made as to strike fear into the timid reader's heart. Modern maps beckon us on, each one an invitation to voyage, in reality or in imagination.

Fascinating symbols of romance, records of man's greatest adventure, packed with the delights of unexpected finds, rich in

historical and literary suggestion, modern maps and atlases are as full of charm and cultural value as the world's best books! Either a globe or an atlas, certainly maps in some form, should hold an important place in every private library.

Cultivate the excellent and stimulating habit of reading them. Study them frequently. Teach your children to enjoy them.

Rand McNally Maps, Globes and Atlases are always scientific, accurate, up to date. Obtainable at leading book-sellers' and stationers', or direct.

The habit of scrupulous accuracy down to the last detail required in the making of maps extends to all Rand McNally & Company's greatly varied activities.

### Some of Rand McNally & Company's Greatly Varied Activities

#### Maps

School Maps  
Commercial Maps  
Auto Road Maps  
Economic Maps  
Special Maps to Order

#### Globes

#### Atlases

General Atlases  
Commercial Atlases  
Goode School Atlas

#### Publications

Text Books  
Child Life Magazine

#### Banker's Directory

Children's Books  
Banker's Monthly  
Banker's Bulletin

#### Railroad and Bus Tickets

Coupon Books  
General Printing

## RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

### Map Headquarters

Dept. M-15

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

270 Madison Avenue, New York

Washington

San Francisco

Los Angeles





## CHILD LIFE

### Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

#### PUBLIC PROPERTY

THE Brocton Good Citizens' League was holding its first March meeting at the home of Miss Bradley, the counselor. Each member had agreed to read the story of some interesting public property and tell it to the others. Elizabeth, whose subject was the post office, had her turn first and had been telling how, before 1860, it had taken twenty-one days to send a letter from Iowa to California.

"And to-day," Elizabeth finished her little talk, "we can send a letter from New York to San Francisco in just four days. I guess there isn't any public property we use so much as the post office."

"What do you mean by public property?" asked Jimmy.

"We mean property that is shared by everyone," Miss Bradley explained, "our parks, streets and sidewalks, our fire and police stations. Then there's what we call semi-public property—stores and schools and churches, our gas and electric light plants, street cars and railroads, and the cable, telegraph and telephone service."

"Come to think of it," said Bill, "public property is more important than the property our own fathers and mothers own. At least, we couldn't get along without it."

"You're right—we couldn't," said Miss Bradley. "The safety

#### A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I learned the proper way to address a letter.
2. I was careful to put my return address on my letters.
3. I read about the experiences of Benjamin Franklin as the first Postmaster General of the colonists.
4. I read about Samuel Morse who was responsible, more than any other one man, for the first telegraph.
5. I read about Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.
6. I visited a telegraph office and watched the sending of messages.
7. I either visited a telephone exchange or read about how the switchboard is operated.
8. I learned the name of the postmaster in my town.
9. I visited our postoffice and asked some one to tell me how the mail is sorted and delivered.
10. I visited the gas or electric light plant in my town.
11. I visited the fire department.
12. I learned how the expenses of our school are paid.
13. I learned how the expenses of our library are paid.
14. I learned how the expenses of street improvements in my town are paid.
15. I learned how the expenses of the parks in my town are paid.
16. I read the public library rules.
17. I returned my library book on time.
18. I was careful not to disturb people reading at the public library.
19. I obeyed the signs in the park.
20. I was careful not to throw paper on public walks or streets.
21. I gave my seat in the car to an older person.
22. I moved to the front in a crowded car.
23. I was careful not to trample on swards.
24. I kept our sidewalks clear and clean.
25. I was very quiet at a public meeting.

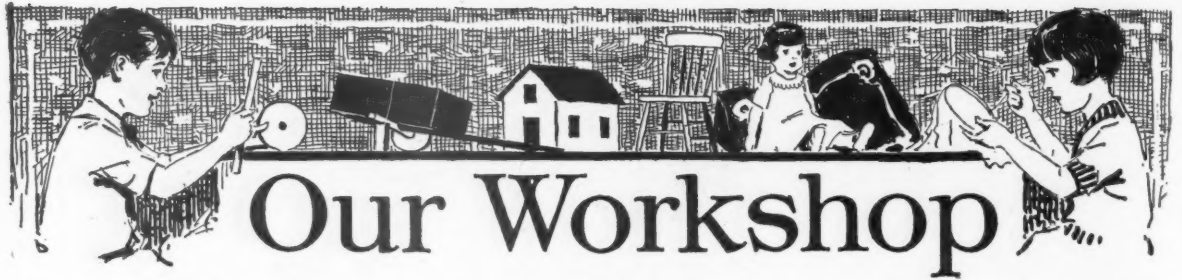
An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above. Write your name, age, and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your March list of good deeds in time to reach us by April 5, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

and security of our private property depend on the correct functioning of public property. The fire and police departments are ready to protect the homes your fathers own; sidewalks and good streets make it possible for you to come and go in bad weather; and railroads transport the materials with which your houses are built."

It was a surprise to the members of the league to learn that they were part owners of the public property. The sidewalks and the parks were theirs, just as their books and toys and bicycles belonged to them. There was only one difference—they owned the public property in common with the other people of their town, or state or country. Taxes which their parents paid—and which they would pay when they were older—kept up the schools and the parks, and the benefits were shared by everyone.

That was why the members of the Brocton league took such extra-special precautions to keep their sidewalks clear, to throw away the rubbish in the schoolyard, to return their library books on time and to do many similar things, for they wanted to protect the property that was theirs and that belonged to their neighbors, too, so that all the owners might get the most benefit they could.

(Continued on page 169)



**B**Y THE looks of things, this is going to be a mighty busy year for our workshops. From the letters we are receiving, it would seem that every reader has fitted up a shop, or is planning to, following suggestions on the February page. I hope that each of you has built a bench, or is building one, after the plan given, and that with a chest or cabinet for tools, and shelves and racks for lumber, paint, and other materials, your shop is fairly well equipped for turning out work.

You are probably thinking about what you will make. Of course, you will construct all sorts of things described upon this page, but probably you will settle upon one or two things as your specialties—maybe, something different each season. If it is something to sell, so much the better. Money can always be put to good use in a workshop for

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "The Boy Craftsman," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

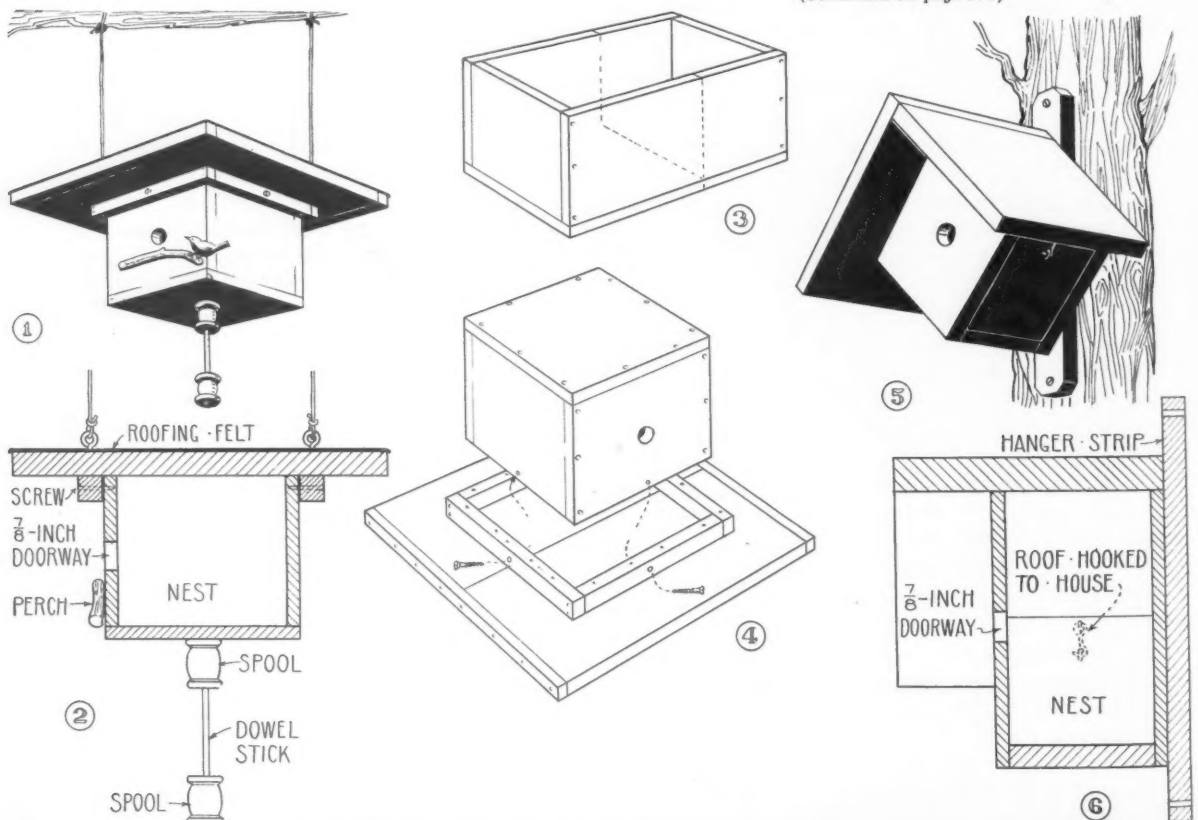
## WREN HOUSES

or that will have a readier sale, than bird houses. Neighbors will want them. People for blocks around your shop will buy. The hardware dealer, florist, and gift-shop proprietor, will handle your line. You will have as many orders as you can fill, maybe more.

Houses for wrens are in greatest demand, because they are small, and the least expensive, and because wren tenants are easily acquired. Then, too, wren houses have doorways too small for sparrows to enter, so they do not hold forth the encouragement to sparrows that larger houses do. You will do well to select wren houses as the first of your line.

Figures 1 and 5 show two types of wren houses

(Continued on page 170)



## Good Citizens' League

(Continued from page 167)

### Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

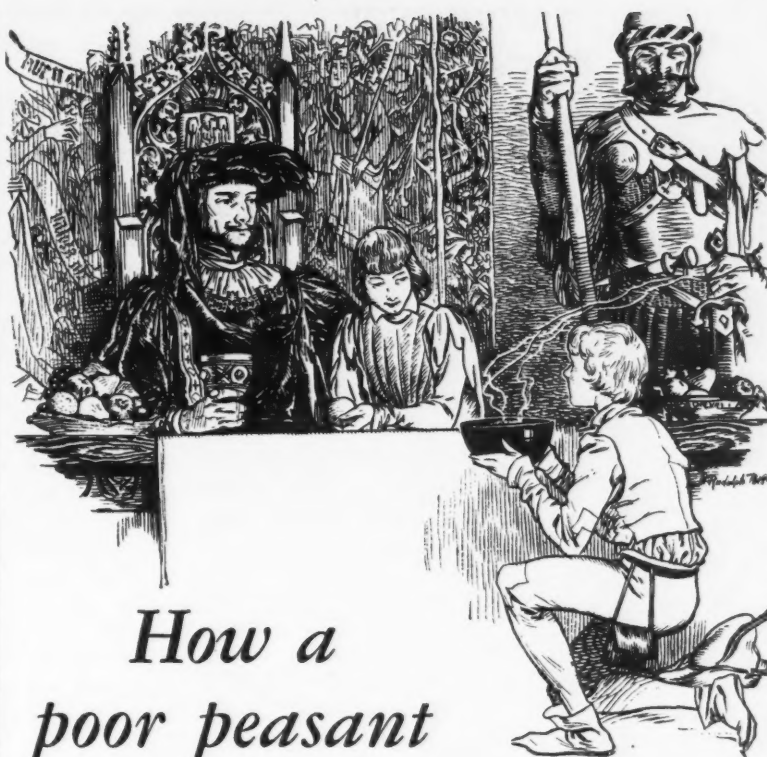
Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

### Honor Roll for November

Kenneth Bentz	Lola Mack
Ross Bever	Jack Mahaney
Ruth Bishton	Walter Metts
Duane Blair	Paul Miller
Leonard Boehlke	Aufora Mosca
Charlotte Bord	Iola Moser
Catherine Brennan	Roy Murphy
Dorothy Buckley	Howard McCord
James Charles	Azades O'Connor
Maxine Charles	Eleanor Odgers
George Childress	Louise Olsen
Mardell Coburn	Verne Pacey
Victoria Contento	Alvin Pagel
Willie Crawley	Ray Pearson
Vivian Cullen	Regina Quinn
Mildred Cummings	Clarence Raschke
David Cunningham	Phillip Raschke
Marie De Sarro	June Rauon
Renato Danella	Robert Rauon
Muriel Dockstaden	Eather Raveling
Willie Eckert	Madeline Romanza
Marjorie Elliott	Dwight Rose
Bessie Ellis	Carl Rosenbaum
Elmer Emond	Leonard Rosenbaum
Frank Everett	Marguerite Rosenbaum
Marjorie Foley	Leola Ross
Hellen Foust	George Rush
Rhoda Frank	Wilbur Rush
Dorothy Gelson	Vivian Rutger
Alan E. Goldsmith	Anthony Sacco
Eleanor D. Gray	Virginia Sanderson
Harvey Greiger	Dorothy Schold
Marian Hagar	Vernon Schuelke
Hillis Hall	Robert Schumacher
Homer Hall	Maxine Schulte
Edmond Harris	Esther Serr
Robert Harris	Ruth Sharp
Carol Harrison	Gladys Stutz
Harry Hatton	William Sievers
Lois Herbeck	Charles Simons
Ruth Hershman	Marie Stoltz
Ruby Hoidorf	Hilbert Stoltz
Alex Jarrett	Charles Stonecipher
Clifford Jolly	Genevieve Strass
Le Roy Jones	Verly Terry
Jane Judge	Bruce Terrell
Viola Kanis	Margaret Thompson
Jane Kehoe	Carrie Tidwell
Lillian Kindred	Byron Tilden
Edward Koselke	James Timmons
Shirley Kowalsky	Josephine Trito
Dale Kruckman	Rita Traja
Lewis Kuhn	Leona Vargovic
Elsie Kuss	Violet Vertach
Ruth Larkin	Floyd White
Elizabeth Lewis	Dorothy Williams
Elsie Lewis	Marguerite Zang
Mary L. Lewis	Katherine E. Zeis
Agnes Loftis	Harvey Zippel
George Loraine	

### Honor Points for December

Leon Beuhler	Elsie Lewis
Christian Bierwirth	Mary Lewis
Roy Block	Oscar Lewis
Esther Branch	Vermell McCormick
Lester Branch	Ellie Malone
Clarence Chambers	Clis Martin
Gladys Chevoliar	Annie Mills
Georgia Cogle	Mary E. Nessly
Glen Cogle	Ruth Nett
Ethel Craig	Anthum Nugent
Willie Crawley	Pearl Nugent
Lucile Daricek	Ruth Owen
Vera Duncomb	June Pacey
Estelle Durison	Verne Pacey
J. W. Durison	Rose E. Powell
Marion Estabrook	Dwight Rose
Emma Flickinger	Sunnie Roshto
Lily Flickinger	Gertrude Rush
Dennis Frost	Wilbur Rush
Betty Lee Goetzke	Lester Sasser
Eleanor Gray	Dorothy Schold
Lloyd Hammond	Audrey Smith
Clandis Head	J. B. Thompson
Alex Jarrett	Gertrude Varner
Dale Kruckman	Janet Williams
Elizabeth Lewis	Loda B. Wilson
	Katherine Zeis
	Harvey Zippel



## How a poor peasant boy won great riches!

THERE was once a little boy named Peter. His father was very, very rich and lived in a great castle. Peter had everything money could buy—but he wasn't well and strong. This made him unhappy.

One day, Peter's father sent a message through the land. "A fortune to him who can make my son well and happy," it said.

Thereupon, came many Wise Men to the castle. They gave Peter strange herbs and roots to eat. They fed him savory and tempting foods. But still he did not get well.

Finally, there came a poor peasant boy to Peter's father. "Grant me a trial, Sir," he said, "and I'll make your little boy

strong and healthy." In despair, Peter's father consented.

The peasant boy sent for some wheat. He ground it into a meal—toasted it to a nut-brown color—and the next morning gave a big, steaming bowlful to Peter for breakfast.

"How good it tastes!" exclaimed Peter joyfully, and thereafter he wanted it every morning. He soon grew so big and strong that his father gladly rewarded the peasant boy as he had promised.

Now think of this—you boys and girls. You can have the same food today that made Peter so strong and healthy. Just ask your mother to give you WHEATENA—the delicious *nut-brown* wheat cereal that doctors recommend.

### Wheatena—the cereal for strength, growth and energy

Most mothers know why Wheatena builds such strong, sturdy boys and girls. It contains the minerals, vitamins and other good things that Mother Nature packs into the whole-wheat kernel. You can tell by its *nut-brown* color that Wheatena is *WHOLE WHEAT*.



**FREE** Sample package of Wheatena (enough for 3 persons) and a Recipe Book sent on request.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatonville, Rahway, New Jersey

Name.....  
Address..... CLS-28



## OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 168)

that will please prospective customers, one a hanging house, the other a bracket model. You can use box boards for both houses, with heavier boards for roofs.

A cross section of the first house is given in Fig. 2. By a cross section is meant a drawing that shows the house as it would appear if it were sawed in half, exposing the inside. It helps to explain how parts are put together.

The walls and floor of the house form a box which should measure about 5 inches square by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep, inside. If you can find a starch box, or other small box, you can probably alter it to make it do. You will find small boxes at a paint store, hardware store or grocery. Figure 3 suggests how to shorten a box by sawing through its sides and bottom (see dotted lines), then setting in and nailing the removed end piece between the cut side pieces.

With the floor and walls assembled, locate the doorway in the center of one side, and bore a hole  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch in diameter (Fig. 4).

The roof should have a projection of 4 or 5 inches all around, to carry out the design of Fig. 1. Two or more pieces will be needed. If you can get boards  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick they will be less likely to warp than thinner boards. Fasten the pieces together with battens nailed across the ends, as shown in Fig. 4. The strips nailed across the roof boards also serve as battens, but their purpose is a molding to finish off the tops of the walls. Cut them to fit close to the walls of the house, but with enough clearance all around so that the roof can be removed easily for the annual removal of old nesting material. Bore a hole through the center of each strip, and drive screws through the holes to attach the roof to the house.

Cover the roof with a piece of slate-coated roofing felt, or other roofing material, cut large enough to project slightly all around. Fasten it with roofing nails. Drive a pair of screw eyes into the center of opposite sides of the roof, and attach hanger wires to the screw eyes. Pieces of insulated electric wire make good hangers.

Some people want painted bird houses, some prefer stained ones. You will have calls for brown houses, and for green houses, too, but the largest demand will be for white. Two coats of ready-mixed house paint will be necessary, three coats will make a better job. One coat of a penetrating shingle stain will do.

The wren house in Fig. 5 requires a box of the dimensions used for the house just described. It need have only a front, back, bottom and one side, because the roof boards cover the top and one side. Cut two roof boards of correct width and length to project several inches over the eaves and front gable of the house. Notice in Fig. 5 that the edge of one roof board is lapped over the edge of the other board. This makes it necessary to cut the

lapped board narrower than the board that overlaps it, doesn't it? Nail the two edges together. Then screw a pair of hooks-and-eyes into the roof boards, and screw screw eyes into the house in the right places for the hooks to hook into (Figs. 5 and 6), as a means for fastening the roof to the house.

The hanger strip, nailed or screwed to the back of the house, should be 2 inches wide by a length that will project several inches above and below the house. Trim off the ends, as shown, and bore holes for screws.

Because of the pitch of this roof, paint is sufficient covering. You may use one color for the walls and roof, or paint the walls one color, the roof another. A white house with green roof makes a good combination.

When you have started your bird house factory, you will want printed writing paper, envelopes, bill heads and business cards, so as to carry on your transactions in a businesslike way. If you have rubber type you can set up a form and do your own printing. That is what we boys did before we earned our printing press. Or, maybe you know a boy who owns a press who will do your printing. To have a printer do the work would cost too much money. A suggestion for a letterhead is shown among the diagrams. This reminds me. What have you decided on for a factory name? We are hearing from new workshops every day, and would like to register yours among them.



## TWO NEW GAMES

By MARION CADDELL

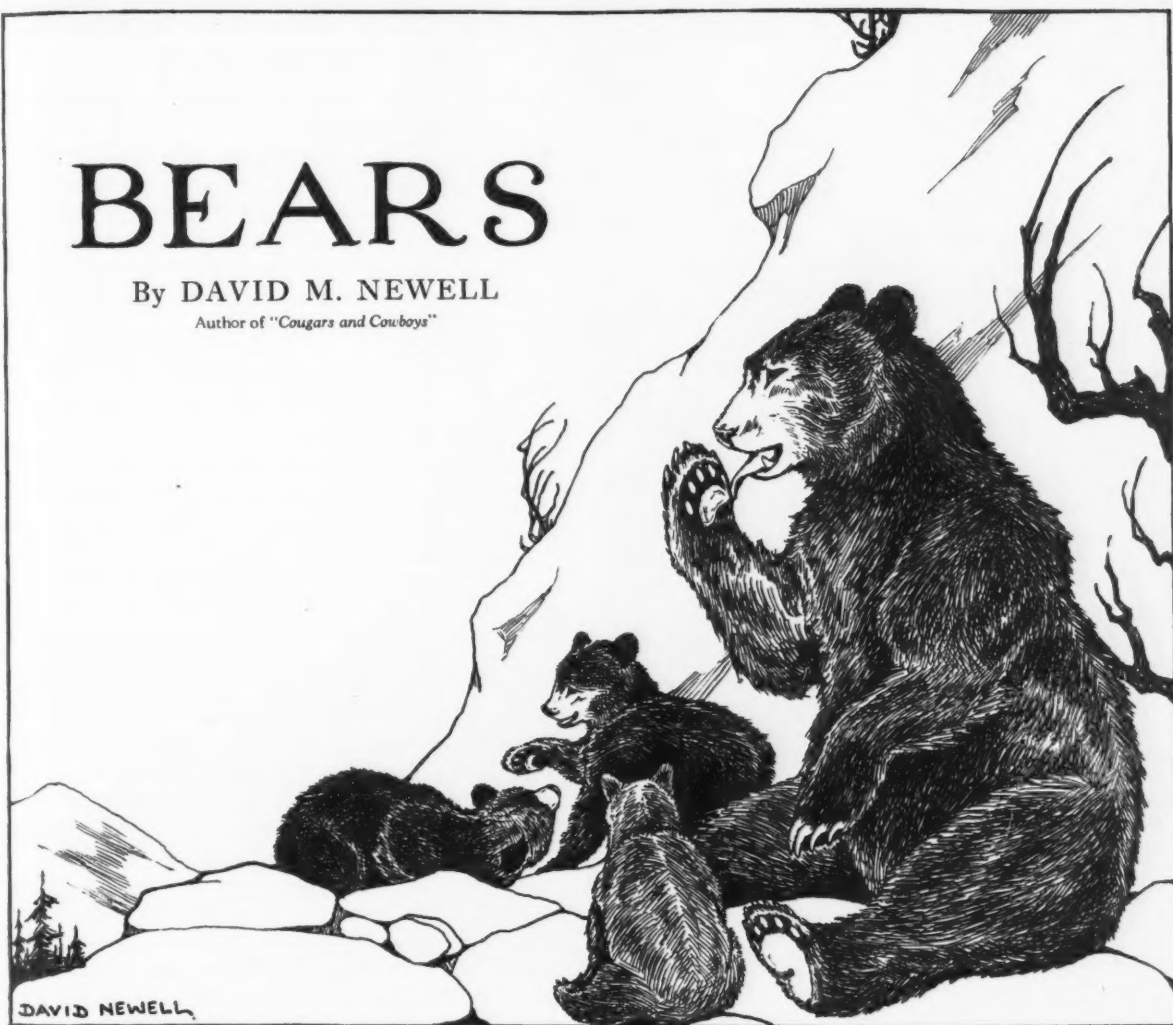
**T**O PLAY "The Dragon in the Ring," make a string circle large enough for all the players to rest their hands on. In the middle of the ring place one of the players, who will be called the *dragon*. The players holding the string remain still while the *dragon* runs from side to side, trying to smack their hands. Each player must look sharp so as to avoid being hit, instantly raising his hands from the string. When the *dragon* succeeds in hitting a hand *on* the string, he gives up his position as *dragon* to the owner of the hand and joins the other players. Care must be taken that the ring of string is never allowed to drop on the ground.

For "The Eggshell Race," you will need a number of eggshells, whole ones, except for the pin prick where the egg has been blown out. Each player takes possession of one and marks it with his initials. Then the shells are all placed at the same starting point on a polished floor, and each player proceeds to blow his shell towards the boundary line, which previously has been drawn at the opposite end of the floor. There is much confusion and a great deal of fun in this game. The winner is the one who first gets his shell over the boundary line. Prizes may be arranged, according to the order in which the shells arrive.

# BEARS

By DAVID M. NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



**H**ERE is a happy family basking in the warm sun on the mountain side. Most of you will recognize these animals as old friends. Perhaps you have thrown peanuts to their brothers in the zoo.

Just a little while ago old Mother Bear found some wild honey, and she is still licking her paw to get the very last bit. The cub sitting with his back to you ate so much that he doesn't even want to play. You may notice that this cub isn't quite as dark-colored as the other two, so I'll tell you a secret that most boys and girls don't know. There are just two kinds of bears in the United States—the grizzly bear and the black bear. But an old mother black bear will often have brown cubs! And when these brown cubs are grown, they may have black babies of their own. Most folks think that the brown bear is a different kind of a bear, but it is really just a brown-colored black bear. Sometimes the brown bears are dark, dark brown and sometimes light brown.

When winter comes and the snow starts to fall, bears crawl into hollow logs or rock caves and go to sleep. They sleep all winter without eating or drinking! When spring comes, and the warm sun melts the snow, bears awake from their long sleep and begin to stir around, looking for berries and roots. Of course, the bears that live down south in the swamps do not have to sleep so long, and sometimes when the winter is warm, they do not go to sleep.

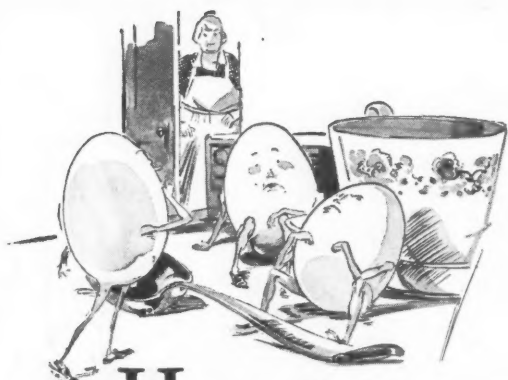
These southern bears are like the bears that live in Michigan or in Arizona; but strange to say, the black bears in the eastern states never have brown cubs! It is only out west that brown bears are found.

You will notice that, when a bear writes his name in the sand, he shows *five* toes on each foot and that the heel of the back foot is quite long. Also the claw-marks are very plain.

Next month you will see a family of pretty, graceful animals that make an altogether different track from those that we have seen thus far.

(For contest rules see page 185)





## How the eggs went to MARY-JANE'S party

Three eggs sat on the kitchen table. "It's a shame," exclaimed one, "for Mary-Jane to have a party without us!"

"If we don't go, I shall roll off the table and break myself!" said the second egg, desperately.

"Sh-h!" warned the third egg, just as the cook came in.

Now I think the cook had heard what they said, for she got out the egg-beater, some bowls and a package of Jell-O—and she broke those eggs! And a little while later, she took a trayful of little glass dishes to the boys and girls at Mary-Jane's party.

"O-oh, a surprise!" cried Mary-Jane. The cook said—"It's Egg Whip with Jell-O!"—and in no time at all, those boys and girls ate every bit of that good dessert!

"Egg Whip with Jell-O is good for you," said the cook, with a smile, "and it's one of the nicest ways for eggs to go to a party!"

*To Mothers:* Egg Whip is only one of many appetizing and wholesome Jell-O desserts. Jell-O makes them particularly suitable for children—it is so easy to digest, and supplies the body with energy.

Your whole family will like Jell-O desserts and salads. They are clear and sparkling, with delicious flavors from fresh, ripe fruits. Send for the new recipe booklet, "Through the Menu with Jell-O", which tells you how to make scores of dishes with very little trouble, and most economically, as well.

### EGG WHIP WITH JELL-O

1/2 package Jell-O, any flavor	1 teaspoon lemon juice
3/4 cup boiling water	3 eggs
1/4 cup fruit juice	6 drops vanilla

Grating of nutmeg

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add fruit and lemon juice. Cool until slightly thickened. Beat egg yolks and fold into stiffly beaten whites. Fold in Jell-O. Add vanilla and nutmeg. Pour in individual molds and serve very cold. Serves six.

# JELL-O

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



© 1928  
P. Co., Inc.

FIVE FLAVORS FROM FRESH RIPE FRUITS 10c a package

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.  
Le Roy, New York.

Please send me free, the new recipe booklet—containing dozens of delicious Jell-O recipes.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

In Canada, address The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

## THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

(Continued from page 164)

had been asleep inside his little house all this time with the door fastened.

"Hey," he said, "here's my new crew got here before I waked up. I was out 'most all night looking after my fish nets, so I've been taking quite a nap. What's that rascally Charles been up to?"

Charles seemed to be one of the names of Captain Kid, for he sat up straight in the *Red Queen* and grinned at the pirate.

"You told me to tow you down to the clam flats the first day I could get around," he explained. "I didn't think there was any need of waking you up to tell you I'd come."

"Did you know he was asleep in there all that time?" asked Klink, looking hard at Captain Kid.

"Why, I reckoned he was," returned Captain Kid with another grin. "It was early, you see, and Uncle Nat never wakes up very easy when he has been out half the night."

Billy and Klink had not been sure that they liked Captain Kid when he was running away with them, but now they decided that he was a good fellow, especially when he gave them each a clam hoe and showed them how to dig. The clam flats left bare by the tide seemed to be full of fat clams. They soon had all they wanted and Uncle Nat, as they had decided to call him, instead of "the pirate," roasted these in a blanket of seaweed, while Charles fried the two white perch the younger boys had caught.

As they came up the river after their long happy day Billy said to Klink that after this the packing-box playhouse on the shore would seem tame. But when they came in sight of Hide-and-Seek house they rubbed their eyes in astonishment, for they knew they had been mistaken.

"Why—why, what's happened?" stammered Klink.

"Hurry up, Captain Kid! Oh, hurry, won't you?" Billy cried impatiently.

Charles ran his boat upon the shore, mooring the raft alongside of it, and the three boys made a dash for the packing-box playhouse. And well they might, for a great change had come over it while the owners had been away.

(Part III of "The Hide-and-Seek House" will appear in the April issue of CHILD LIFE.)



## DAY BEFORE SPRING

ELEANOR HAMMOND

WINTER is leaving. He's poor and old,  
His bag is packed with some rags of cold  
And a worn-out icicle or two.  
He'll be off to-day while the sky is blue!



## LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw a ball to-day  
Like the one you use at play.



Now, top-side of rubber ball,  
Let us draw a marble small.



Now let's add this funny line—  
Make yours broad and black  
like mine.



Then, of course, we mustn't  
miss  
Little tents on top, like this.



Then two short lines drawn in,  
so—  
Underneath the ball, you know.



Then three more, and, quick  
as scat,  
We have drawn a pussy-cat!



## Parents Amazed

A New Way in Child Training Produces Astonishing Results.  
Lifts the Burden of Fear, Worry and Anxiety from Parents'  
Shoulders. Applicable to Children of All Ages. Mail Cou-  
pon for Interesting Illustrated Booklet—Now Sent Free.



Thumb Sucking  
Cured in 1 to 3 Days



Crying Stopped  
Instantly—at  
Command



Quarrelling  
Ended  
In Amazingly Short  
Time



Instant Obedience  
Without Threats or  
Bribes



Temper Over-  
come  
In a Natural Way



Finger Nail  
Biting  
Cured in 1 to 3 Days

NO MORE heartaches because children disobey. No more embarrassment due to their misbehavior in company. No more worrying over undesirable traits. No more nervous energy wasted in whipping or scolding. No more precious hours lost in fruitless efforts to "break" bad habits.

A new way in child training, sponsored by the Parents Association, a national organization with headquarters at Pleasant Hill, Ohio, ends all this. Now anyone, anywhere, can quickly and easily teach children to be polite, obedient and well mannered. Such children seldom cause parents a moment's grief, worry, annoyance, embarrassment or nervousness. They are loved by all—welcome everywhere—a constant source of comfort, pride and joy.

## Amazing Results

By applying the proved, scientific methods as formulated by Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia)—founder of the system and Director of the Parents Association—you can save yourself untold trouble in the vitally important task of training your children.

Children of all ages—from infants to boys and girls of 13 and 18—respond almost instantly to these simple, effective methods. As Mrs. E. S. Robinson, Seattle, says, "I used to worry constantly over my boy's wild, uncontrollable streaks. Since applying your methods, all his tantrums have ceased." Mrs. P. S. Elsmore, Waltham, Mass., says, "I cannot say enough in favor of your methods. Instead of a spoiled 'only child,' we now have a dear little girl loved and admired by all."

## A Boon to Parents

Proper development of invariably results to the  
effort of the parents.  
vous exhaustion

children  
ben-  
Ner-



Good Manners  
Under All Conditions

and frequent outbursts of hysteria are unknown to those who have learned the secret of scientific child training. As Mrs. Paul R. Frost, Port Credit, Ont., says, "I have made our home a happier one. With the help of your books, I saved myself from a nervous breakdown." Mrs. Joseph Cluster, Meriden, Conn., says, "I suffered from chronic nervousness, but when I sit down with your books and my three-months-old baby it quiets my nerves and makes me more cheerful." Mrs. Wm. Welch, Summerdale, Pa., writes, "Not only has my child been bettered, but I, too, am happier, more confident and less worried than before."

## Results Guaranteed

At this time a special invitation is being extended to parents who would like to join the Parents Association and learn the methods that are so successful with children and that are lightening the burdens of fathers and mothers everywhere. Membership in the Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course of illustrated lessons in child training by Professor Beery. The helpful suggestions contained in this course are absolutely guaranteed to produce the desired results, or the cost of Association Membership will be promptly refunded.

## Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge a booklet called "New Methods in Child Training," which explains the work of the Association and the special benefit it offers to members.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, send for this free booklet now, before you lay this magazine aside. There is no need of writing. The coupon below is for your convenience. Clip and mail it now.

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 983, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

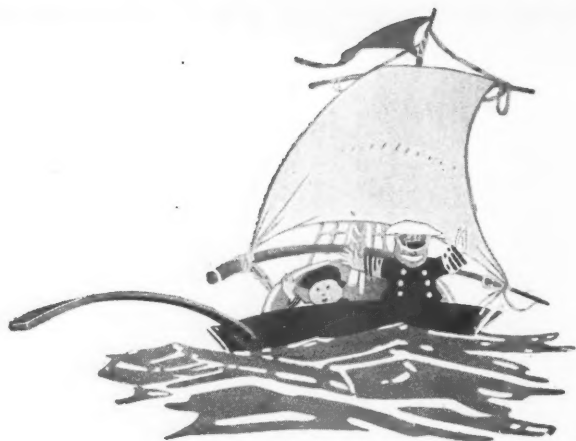
## Free Book Coupon

THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION  
Dept. 983, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet "New Methods in Child Training," and information about the Parents Association, free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....



## The Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky FREE!



Children adore the story of Captain Cooky's Comical Cruises. Told in the jolliest rhymes—the sort children love—it makes them feel they were right there when it all happened!

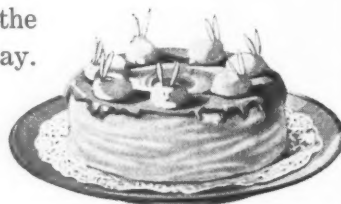
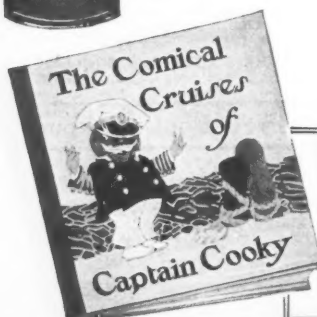
Pictures in the gayest colors show the doughty Captain, and his Flap Jack Tars, the Dough-Dough Bird and other interesting characters of this thrilling tale.

There are also directions for making delicious foods—such marvels as Easter Bunny Cake, Biscuit Tarts, Merry-Go-Round Cake and Butter Scotch Curls! Made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, these goodies are pure and wholesome for boys and girls to eat.

The book is free! Clip the coupon and mail it today.



Contains no alum—  
leaves no bitter taste.



*Easter Bunny Cake*

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY,  
Dept. C, 114 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please send me—free—my copy of "The Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky" with the rhymes and pictures and directions for making good things to eat.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## THE TALE OF AN IRISH COW

*[Continued from page 159]*

but Sean must surely have his cow back again."

"I wish the man believed in leprechauns, as Sean does," Ruth said. "We'd pretend we were fairies and throw an evil spell over him as long as he keeps Sean's cow."

"That's not a bad idea," Will said. "If we could put the weight of that cow on his conscience, he wouldn't keep her long. I'm going back—and be a leprechaun."

He and Ruth returned, managing to keep out of the man's sight. They crouched behind a boulder a little to the side of the cave door.

As the man was returning from the stream with the cow, Will piped in a high voice,

"Who steals a cow brings danger nigh,

No need to ask the reason why."

The man paused, and looked about, startled. He saw no one.

"Shoot again," Ruth whispered. "No good can come from stolen gain,

The cow brings only grief and pain."

Will's voice was hollow, like a sound from a strange world.

The man rubbed his eyes. He peered back into the cave, but could see no one. He looked to right and left. And while he was searching, Ruth and Will slipped back deeper into the woods. The man looked behind the boulders. Still, there was no one. But the mysterious voice continued.

"Go home—go home, go home now, An evil spell comes from that cow!"

The man dropped the rope by which he led the cow.

"You hit home that time," Ruth whispered. "He's frightened."

"Haste—haste away. The time is here,

Your fate is certain. Trouble's near."

In alarm, the thief began to run, stumbling against the rocks in his eagerness to escape the fatal spell that threatened him. Down the mountain he fled as if pursued by some enemy, while the cow

chewed the tufts of grass at her feet.

When the man had disappeared, the children led the cow to the road, which lay in the opposite direction from the one the thief had taken. Grandfather laughed when they told him how they had frightened the man, and said they must hurry back to Sean with the cow. He drove, while Will led the cow.

"It's herself," cried Sean joyfully, when he saw them coming, "her very self." His eyes were again laughing and merry as he patted the cow.

Then he stopped and called to Grandfather who was already driving away. "Your honor," he called, running down the road so fast he had to almost drag the cow after him. "A reward, your honor, for findin' the cow." He held out the two half-crowns Grandfather had given him.

"Thanks, Sean," Grandfather answered, "but you keep the coins as a charm against the leprechauns."

"Sure, and the leprechauns are not so bad," Sean declared. "Just full of mischief, they are. They have their fun like all the Irish. When they got tired of the prank, they left the cow where the thief would find her. Then they tickled her ear till she bawled so you would hear her when you drove that way. Shouldn't wonder if one of them hopped down the road in front of your horse to show him where to go. It's full of pranks, are the leprechauns. But thanks to your honor, and you, too," he said, waving good-bye to the children.

The last they saw of him, he went singing down the road, leading his white cow.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

ELEANOR HAMMOND

**O**UT by the front walk—have you seen?

Daffodily is wearing a cap of green!

I wonder if she heard us say

To-morrow is St. Patrick's Day!



## How the Chipmunk fooled the Fox

**R**EYNARD the Fox used to stir up a rabbit, then chase the rabbit toward an old bramble patch. This bramble patch had a hole in it, and the rabbit would run in the hole, and think he was safe. Then Reynard would sit down outside the hole, and wait. There was no other way out, and finally the rabbit would try to dart through the hole. Then—pouf! Reynard would get him.

One day Reynard chanced upon Chippie the Chipmunk. And he chased Chippie. Naturally Chippie leaped into the hole in the brambles. So Reynard smiled to himself, and sat down, and waited for his dinner.

But Chippie the Chipmunk didn't intend to be Reynard's meal. He looked around. And saw there was no way out except through the hole where Reynard waited. But Chippie, undaunted—made a way out. You know Chippie has good, strong teeth, from eating nuts and other crisp foods.

Chippie just set his fine teeth to work. And pretty soon he cut a tunnel through the brambles. Away ran Chippie, while Reynard the Fox still sat in front of the hole—waiting for a meal he never got. Wasn't it lucky for Chippie Chipmunk that he had such good teeth?

If you clean your teeth well, as Mother tells you, and if you eat plenty of crisp foods to make your teeth strong, then you can have fine teeth, too.

Grape-Nuts is a ripe, crisp food that is fine to chew, like you should do and Grape-Nuts is awfully good to eat. You just ask your Mother to get you some and see how good it is.

**Mothers!** Grape-Nuts, because of its crispness, requires proper chewing. This is just one of the reasons why authorities recommend it so highly.

Equally important, Grape-Nuts contributes to the body iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, producing heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts provides more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley, and is baked by a special process which makes it easily digestible. Let your family enjoy this delicious dish. Buy at your grocer's, or send in coupon for free supply.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

### ★ ★ G.—C. L. 3-28 MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet, "Long Life to Your Children's Teeth," and also a "Book of Better Breakfasts," containing a series of delightful health menus.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, Address  
CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



## Betty-Lou and the Gobble-Un



**B**ETTY-LOU was fast asleep. She had been sent to bed an hour ahead of time, all because she wouldn't drink her milk. Suddenly a cheerful, chuckling voice was heard.

"Hello there, Betty-Lou!"

Betty-Lou sat up quickly. Although there was no light but moonlight, she could see a funny little man perched upon her window-sill. He was as round and rosy as an apple, and he wore a very odd suit and hat.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm a gobble-un," announced the little man importantly. "I see to it that children eat the right things, and I have a serious report about you, Betty-Lou, not liking milk any more! You must drink milk, you know, so I saw your grocery-man right away. Tomorrow everything will be all right," and with a cheery good-night, the gobble-un vanished.

Next day Betty-Lou could hardly wait for breakfast. Sure enough! Her mother gave her a cup of something steaming hot, instead of milk.

"Mother, I just *love* this new drink!" said Betty-Lou.

"That's Postum-made-with-hot-milk," said her mother. "It's even better for you than milk alone! You must thank the grocery-man for bringing it, Betty-Lou."

But Betty-Lou said, all-to-herself, "Thank you, gobble-un!"

**MOTHERS!** Children must drink milk of course, but often it's quite a struggle to make them drink it day after day, "plain". They'll drink it in Postum-made-with-hot-milk, however, and get the benefit of an appetizing hot beverage besides. Postum is simply roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened. Made with hot, not boiled, milk, it makes a delicious beverage with every healthful quality of "plain" milk combined with the goodness of grain. It's simple to make and very economical—the favorite of adults as well as children in more than two and a half million American homes.

We'll be glad to send you a week's supply of Postum, to give you a helpful start on the famous thirty-day test. We'll send you, too, Carrie Blanchard's interesting book on Postum for children.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich. ★ P.—C. L. 3-28

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)

Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.



## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 157)

cake from the cake box, with permission, of course, and serve it with our sauce. Oh, yes, there are plenty of ways of using a lesson like this, are there not?

We shall learn mushroom sauce first and shall use it with meat balls for dinner,

As many new cooks come into our kitchen each month, perhaps we had better tell right here how we make and cook such a dish. We buy a good quality of lean beef—allowing  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound for each person to be served. We ask the butcher to put it twice through the grinder so that it will be fine and tender. The meat must be seasoned with 1 teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper and molded into neat balls or cakes. We pan broil them on a hot skillet, using no fat. As meat balls must be served immediately after cooking, we always make the sauce first and keep it hot in a double boiler while the meat cooks.

Now for our first sauce.

### MUSHROOM SAUCE

Wash and cut into lengthwise slices enough mushrooms to make 1 cupful. (This will take about  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound, maybe less.)

Melt 3 tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan.

Add the mushrooms, cover tightly and cook slowly for three minutes.

Increase the heat slightly and cook for five minutes, stirring twice to prevent sticking.

Remove the cover and add 1 tablespoonful of flour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt.

Stir gently till the flour is well blended with the mushrooms and cooks smooth.

Measure 1 cupful of milk and add it gradually to the mushrooms, stirring all the while and cooking slowly till the whole becomes a smooth, creamy sauce.

Pour around the meat balls which have been taken up on a hot platter.

This sauce is delicious to serve with spinach and gives a delightfully new flavor to that important vegetable.

### TOMATO SAUCE

For this recipe you will need 1 cupful of tomato juice (or a small can of tomato pulp), 1 sweet pepper, 1 small onion, 1 sprig of parsley, some butter and salt.

Wash and peel the onion; wash and core the pepper.

Chop the onion, pepper and parsley till quite fine.

Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a sauce pan and add the chopped vegetables.

Cook for 3 minutes, then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt.

Add the tomato juice, one cupful. If you use pulp, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of water. The pulp is so thick that the extra water is needed.

Simmer for ten minutes, stirring several times during the cooking.

Serve with meat or egg dishes.

You remember the meat loaf we learned to make last May? Sometime when you have made it and find there is a portion left over, slice it, warm it by

steaming in a covered pan and serve it with tomato sauce. Your family will think you have made a brand new dish, and we are sure they will ask for more.

Now we must learn our promised sweet sauce. This one is our favorite and we call it

#### PUDDING SAUCE

Into a sauce pan put  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of brown sugar  
1 cupful water  
1 tiny pinch of salt.

Bring to a boil and boil for 3 minutes.

Dissolve 1 teaspoonful cornstarch in 1 tablespoonful of cold water.

Stir into the syrup and boil for two minutes.

Add 2 tablespoonfuls butter and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful vanilla extract. Stir in and serve.

This sauce is good with the pudding cake we learned a year ago, or with almost any cake or pudding. Prepare individual servings and add the hot sauce at the last minute.

#### MENU FOR A MARCH DINNER

Cream of Tomato Soup  
Steak and French Fried Potatoes  
Spinach with Mushroom Sauce  
Endive Salad with Cheese Wafers  
Coffee or Milk



## OVER THE LINE

By ROSE A. DILLON

COME on, let's play "Over the Line!" Jim gave me his ball and my mother let me have this broom handle to push the ball with.

Fred and I shall be leaders and choose sides. There are six of us for each side.

Fred has first play, because his straw is shorter than mine. Fred will hold the broomstick with both hands at its middle, standing astride it. I shall hold the end behind him. Now Fred will try to push the ball over the line, but I shall not let him do it if I can prevent it.

That line is ten feet long, and as straight as we could draw it with the broomstick. And the ball is ten feet from the line. There! I let him touch the ball and push it about three inches. I'm sorry, but I did my best.

Now Marie, my first helper, will take Fred's place, and John, Fred's first helper, will take mine. Marie will try to push the ball away from the line. When she pushes it the next two in line will take the stick, and Fred's man will push it back towards the line.

When the ball goes over the line, the game has had one inning for the first side. The game will be three innings for both sides. The side that finishes three innings in the shortest time wins.



Presidential Party in Yellowstone Park—August, 1927

## Yellowstone Park



### Bears Greet the President

#### A Booklet for You—Free

WOULD you like to read about the bears of Yellowstone and how they amused President Coolidge by their antics when the Presidential party visited the park last summer?

Just like boys and girls, the bears are very fond of candy and sweets. That is why they come from the woods to the roadside in Yellowstone and "hold up" cars that are passing.

Crowds gather around them to take their pictures and feed them, but they are not afraid of crowds. They have been in Yellowstone Park too long for that!

If you would like to read more about the Jolly Bears of Yellowstone, just fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We'll gladly send you a booklet.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager  
613 Northern Pacific Railway  
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Smith:

Please send me your booklet "President Coolidge and the Bears of Yellowstone Park."



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Are you and your folks thinking of going to  
Yellowstone this summer? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_  
Check (✓)





# QUEER THINGS

by  
DIXIE WILLSON



There are some funny things that grow on some folks that chance to know. I have a little friend whose is at the end! And that are six long upon the belong! While have a yard of And grow upon the And with their strutting air, have s on top, instead of But funniest of all to me is one kind of a I see a round from place to place, a growing in his Just think how sorry poor are who have to wear an old



## HEALTH AND FUN

OUR SCOOTER Bikes go spinning;  
The keen, fresh air gives health.  
Away we go—of course you know  
That health is really wealth.  
Our growing muscles tingle.  
With spirits "wide awake,"  
We're glad beside because we ride  
With ENDEE COASTER BRAKE.

## ENDEE Coaster Brake

### CHAPTER XII

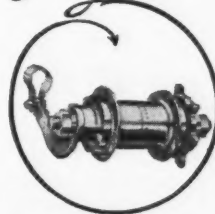
FOR Scooter Bike or Juvenile Bicycle this improved New Departure Multiple Disc Clutch Coaster Brake is the ideal equipment to insure getting the last iota of health-building benefit and joy out of cycling. It is sturdy, unfailing and works so easily and smooth that the wheel is always under absolute control. Neither Scooter Bike nor Bicycle is complete without it.

Your dealer can supply you with vehicles equipped with this necessary device.

## PUZZLE FUN—GET ONE!!

Free! Boys and Girls, be busy "Scooters" and send to-day for your jolly puzzle, "THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN."  
It's fun—hurry up and get one! Just write to—

*Especially designed  
for  
Scooter Bikes*



New Departure  
**ENDEE**  
**Coaster Brake**  
BRISTOL CONN.



## Bob and Betty sail off for somewhere

Bob and Betty are off to sail the seven seas . . . to go a-visiting where cannibals are . . . to watch little Japanese children walking "pitter patter" on their funny sandal shoes . . . to see Dutch girls and boys laugh and toss their golden heads.

So the big boat steams down the harbor—and Bob cries "Ship Ahoy," and Betty says, "I hope I'm not seasick." But there's no time for seasickness—everything is so strange and exciting aboard the steamer Ukitan. There's the lonely white-haired gentleman who lives 'way up high atop of the boat in a little house all his own. He has a marvelous big fish up in his house—a shark it is—with his mouth propped wide open, and every tooth in its head except one showing.

"And it seems," Bob told Betty, "that he was the very hardest fish in all the ocean to catch."

One day the Captain and his First Mate set out in a little boat with harpoons. And when the shark came to the surface—the Mate let his harpoon fly—and it hit the shark *smack* right on its front tooth.

The Captain says it *must* have worried the shark to have his front tooth gone—for when he hit the shark in the neck with his harpoon, the fish didn't put up any fight at all.

Old Mr. Shark loved his teeth, but he had to eat raw food to keep them clean. Aren't you glad you're not a shark? It's much more fun to be able to keep your teeth clean and pretty by brushing them every evening with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

*Colgate's*  
Est. 1806



COLGATE & COMPANY  
Dept. 237-C, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.  
Please send me FREE a little booklet—"Zingo and the Magic Beasts"  
and a small-sized tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

If you want to follow Bob and Betty all around the world, watch for the next installment and read about them in foreign lands.

## THE STORY OF THE HARP

(Continued from page 149)

the great halls of Tara Castle. But the *Feis* has been revived in very recent years, and while I lived in Paris I made a most enjoyable trip to Ireland to act as judge for the piano playing contests in the Sligo *Feis*. While there I heard a score of the real old *country singers*, who, playing their own simple accompaniments on a small but beautiful Irish harp, sang the old stories and legends of Ireland, such as "Loved Bride of O'Byrne," "Dark, Drives the Tempest," "The March of the Maguire," and many others. Never have I enjoyed folk music so much. You should know that the old folk music of the Irish people ranks among the best, if not as the very best, in the world. How I wish my American boys and girls could have heard those simple singers, those Irish "bards" singing to their own harp accompaniment! It was an experience I shall always cherish, and one that I hope some of you may have when you travel through Ireland in the springtime. When you go to Dublin you will surely be shown "Brian Boru's" harp. "Brian Boru," the mighty King of Ireland, was a master harp player, and after he was slain in battle his harp with its heroic stories became the property of King Donough O'Brien. King Donough presented it to the Pope in Rome, who later presented it to King Henry the Eighth, of England, and from him it went to other hands, until at last it found an honorable resting-place in Trinity College, Dublin. If you want to read a delightful and true account of the harp you should get "The Story of the Harp," by Grattin Flood (Scribners), and then you will realize how this instrument has been the companion of all men and nations, in their joys and sorrows, from birth to death. The harp is and ever has been such a lovely instrument to look at, so charming to the ear, so sweet and silvery in tone, that poets and painters are irresistibly attracted by it. Without a doubt the harp has been an unfailing inspiration to all lovers and creators of beauty from the Golden Age of Greece to the present day. Pinturicchio, Correggio, Signorelli, Rembrandt, and many other immortal painters have painted the harp in the hands of men and women, and in the hands of angels too, for somehow or other this pretty, portable instrument—the harp—is naturally associated with angels, and with angelic music. The harp was in its glory in the time of King David. Its rich, sympathetic chords were well suited to spiritual words, and as the Bible relates, David, the shepherd-minstrel, charmed away the spirit of evil which troubled King Saul by singing and playing on his small harp—which was not unlike in shape to an early Egyptian lyre. One of the great pictures in Europe is Ruben's painting of this royal

(Continued on page 184)

## THE BROWNIE BUSH

*[Continued from page 139]*

to cough and the WEATHER MAN gets up and pats him on the back.] Now I'm going to read to you about Spring's Awakening. All listen carefully:

Once upon a wintertime  
Of ice and cold and snow,  
Once upon a wintertime  
Long, long ago . . . .

High up in the castle  
Of the Winter King  
There slept a lovely princess,  
And her name was Spring.

Once upon a wintertime  
When all were tired of snow,  
She dreamed there in the castle  
Long, long ago . . . .

The flowers slept, the tree-top birds,  
Forgetting how to sing,  
Were waiting . . . were waiting . . .  
For Spring's awakening. . . .

*[As she reads the stranger pulls MAB off the stool and behind the screen at the left, and soon the class all gasp, "Oh!" for out from the screen comes WINKLE, holding the bandana and false face in one hand.]*

WOOD WITCH: Winkle! You again!

WINKLE (*bravely*): I'm sorry. You can do what you like with me, but I—I had to rescue the poor little girl from that magic stool. It's a forgettery stool—and it made her forget who she was, and—

WOOD WITCH: Why, Winkle! Why didn't you explain before? Who is she?

WINKLE: I don't know. Just a poor little girl I guess, but I had to rescue her—even if I was scared—

MAB (*coming out from behind the screen in a silvery shining gown, rosebud wreath and fairy wings*): I'm not either a poor little girl—I'm Mab! I'm a fairy. I'm Spring's messenger!

ALL: Spring's messenger!

TWINKLE: Can I be your right-hand man to help you wake up the world?

MAB: Winkle—I choose you, my brave kind Brownie, to be the very *best* helper for Spring!

WINKLE (*smiling*): Oh, I'd love to! Are you sure I'm not dreaming?

MAB (*throwing wreath around his neck*): Of course you're not! And the rest of you can all help Spring, too.

ALL: We will! We will!

ONE: I'll dust the acorn cups.

ANOTHER: I'll sweep the moss rugs.

JOSH: I'll set the alarm clock and wake up the spring beauties!

WOOD WITCH: Class dismissed!

ALL: Hurrah for Spring and her messengers! *[They dance around MAB and WINKLE, singing, "All Around the Brownie Bush," and just before the curtain goes down the WEATHER MAN is seen to change his sign to "Fair and Warmer."]*

CURTAIN



## Color and Name this Animal Try to Win a Prize

Uncle Jim says - "Here's a funny fellow who makes you laugh with his comical antics at the Zoo."

Name and color him with crayons or water colors ("Old Faithful" are best) - then paste in your Animal Club Album. If you haven't sent for yours, use the coupon below.

And at the end of our series (6 animals), the boy and girl sending in the best colored Album will receive a prize of an "Old Faithful" Toy Set worth \$7.50 (illustrated at back of the Album).

### "Old Faithful" Playsets

Here's "Old Faithful" Set No. 555 "Jack and Jill". It contains crayons, water colors, water pans, outline drawings, plain sheets and a brush. All for \$1.00.

Some other "Old Faithful" Playsets are "Cinderella", "Red Riding Hood", "Mother Goose", "Little Bo Peep", "Robinson Crusoe", "Aladdin", etc. Many others too, at all prices - from 10c up. Your dealer should carry them; if not, send the money to us direct and we will forward them, postage paid.



**THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY**  
HOME OFFICE AND FACTORIES 317-817 HAYES AVE. SANDUSKY OHIO

NEW YORK OFFICE 130 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET  
DALLAS TEXAS 1508 SANTA FE BUILDING  
SAN FRANCISCO 43 SECOND STREET

### ANIMAL ALBUM COUPON

Dear Uncle Jim,  
Box 581,  
Sandusky, Ohio

Send me FREE your Animal Club Album.

Also send me a No 555 "Jack and Jill" Set for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**"Old Faithful" Play Sets**



# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.*



SUCH interesting things happen in the springtime. Marilynn thinks so, for she has several new frocks.

First, there is her flower-girl dress for an April wedding. It is made of chiffon and trimmed with hand-smocking around the waist and on the shoulders. (5901)

Then she has a taffeta party frock, with a deep scalloped collar and full scalloped skirt. (5796)

And for happy school-days, Marilynn wears a new polka-

dotted voile dress trimmed with shirring and attractive tie collar. (5841)

Are you getting ready for spring? Here are patterns for these happy springtime dresses.

Pattern 5901—4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

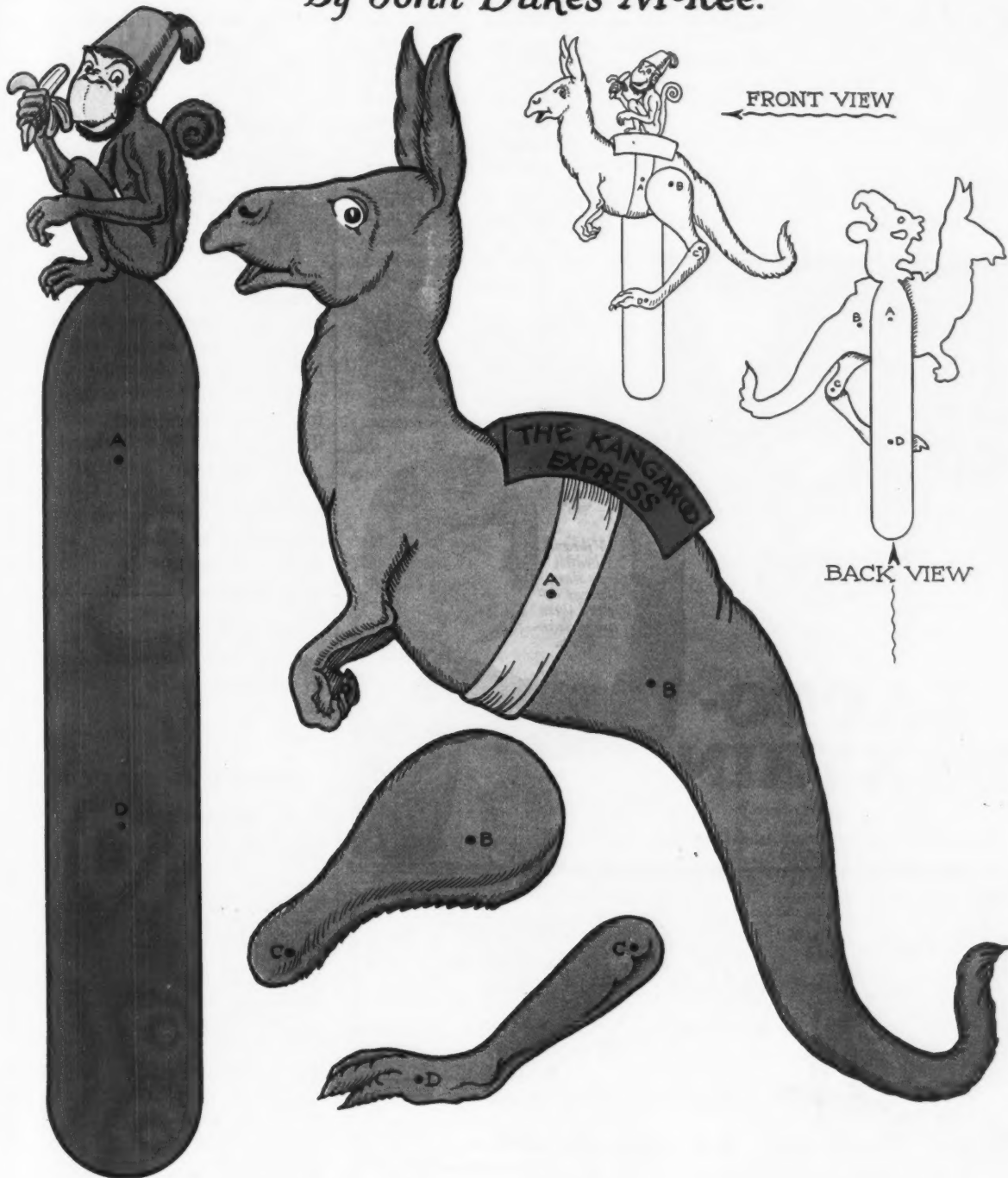
Pattern 5796—4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

Pattern 5841—4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

# The JUNGLETOWN TAXI

By John Dukes McKee.



## DIRECTIONS

**M**OUNT the page on stiff paper such as cereal boxes or egg cartons. Make up the four pieces. Knot a heavy thread, and with a strong needle put it through spot (A) on the upright piece. Now tie a knot firmly so that the pieces will not move too easily or separate. Do the same

with spots (B), (C), and (D). Follow small sketches closely and you will have no trouble. Hold completed toy with one hand, by the upright piece, and move tail up and down with other hand. The Kangaroo will seem to jump while the monkey slides back and forth on his saddle.

## Putting new Zest in Living

**M**ODERN diet hangs too many anchors on health. You can feel their drag. You live, but the thrill is lacking.

Vibrant health, radiant energy depend upon internal behavior. And nothing maintains this inner cleanliness so perfectly as proper diet.

To start afresh, to work back to health, Lacto-Dextrin is offered first in the Battle Creek Diet System. It is an anti-toxic food composed of two carbohydrates—lactose and dextrin.



# LACTO-DEXTRIN

—[An Anti-toxic Food]—

THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Department A-3

It effectively changes the intestinal flora—that is, makes the intestinal tract clean and wholesome. The harmful germs that cause putrefaction are driven out. This new inner cleanliness that combats constipation paves the way for new vigor, new zest in living. For years Lacto-Dextrin has been used with great success at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and other institutions all over the world. It is refreshingly palatable . . . and so easy to take.

Together with other foods in the Battle Creek Health Food line, Lacto-Dextrin is obtainable everywhere at authorized stores—your local Health Food Center. Start today regaining exuberant health.

Write for a copy of "Healthful Living"—a 60-page illustrated booklet written by the leading nutrition expert. Outlines in detail with recipes the Battle Creek Diet System. Sent free on request.

Vibrant health, radiant energy depend upon inner cleanliness.



## THE STORY OF THE HARP

[Continued from page 180]

harper playing before King Saul:

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The King of men, the loved of Heaven

No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone,

Till David's lyre grew mightier  
than his throne."

I have not spoken of the large and perfected harp used in our symphony orchestras to-day, but you have often seen its graceful, golden frame among the many instruments on the stage, and you may have heard their silvery tones, for many times they stand out like pearls set in a background of jade. The harp is not considered a great solo instrument to-day, for the piano has conquered as a solo instrument, but the harp (small or large) still is and ever will be "the sweet tongue of all that is lovely," and its story is woven like a silver strand through the history of music, and from the childhood of man up to the present hour.

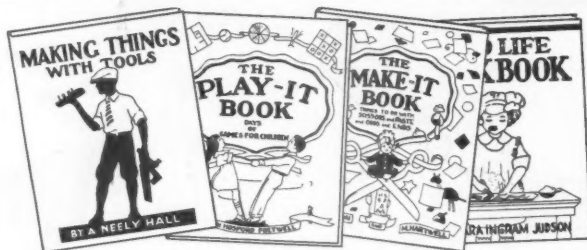


## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

### October Honor Roll

Betty Madsen	Louis M. McDonald
Barbara Maxwell	Maurita McAlvey
Mary L. Middleton	Dorothy McKenzie
Helen Mayer	Hazel MacDonald
Evelyn Mueller	Annette McClellan
Helen H. Morgan	Clara J. McKinney
Lavera Mott	Jeannette McBride
Eleanor Murray	Ruth A. McGowan
Evelyn Malvin	Grace McBride
June Murray	Jean Mackenzie
Evelyn Milwain	June McClelland
Suzanne Martin	Margaret Nieman
Mary E. Mott	Nancy Nanassy
Helen S. Munn	Irene Nettleton
Christine Metcalfe	Adine Nichols
Barbara J. Middendor	Phillip Nelson
Ruth H. Mitchell	Betty Nicholson
Ruth Merrill	Antoinette Newell
Helen A. Mitchell	Barbara Nichols
Jane E. Meyer	Mary K. Nation
Marjorie Monje	Olga Neusis
Marjorie Miller	Ruth Neymark
Kathryn Myers	F. Grant Newstead
Christian Moore	Maude Edmunds
Miriam Milman	Lucy E. Osgood
Roy F. Miller, Jr.	Catherine Orr
Charlotte Murray	Lewis Osborne
Josephine Miller	Rose O'Hara
Wilhelmina Morrison	Pauline Perley
Gaylo Munroe	Janey Hoy Price
Martha Mouney	Nancy J. Pearson
Alice Moberley	Elizabeth Pinkard
Polly Mitchell	Barbara Perry
Jean L. Murray	Ava Ponchelet
Harriet Mathias	Norma Parker
Ondenia Moore	Elvera Pettis
Carolyn McGarity	Helena Pannack
Mary M. McGavock	Rachel Pool
John E. McFarland, Jr.	Elizabeth Platt
Louise McLean	Evelyn Patch
Viola MacLaughlin	George Palmer
Mary L. Macfarlan	Betty Price

To be continued



## Fascinating new Activities Books

**THERE** has never been anything quite like these books before. Every boy and girl will have unlimited hours of happiness through their use.

**THE MAKE-IT BOOK** tells boys and girls how to make all sorts of surprising and interesting things with scissors and paste and odds and ends.

**MAKING THINGS WITH TOOLS** is an entirely different Handicraft Book showing things to make and how to make them.

**CHILD LIFE COOK BOOK** is full of tempting dishes that are fun and easy to make.

**THE PLAY-IT BOOK** describes most minutely games for indoors and outdoors which will keep children busy and happy. The many large attractive illustrations are an outstanding feature.

For sale at all bookstores or sent direct for \$1.00 each, plus 7c postage for every book ordered.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Publishers

536 S. Clark Street

CHICAGO



## RULES FOR WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

**W**OULD you like a real, live baby alligator next summer—one less than a foot long to catch flies and eat raw meat and take a swim when he has a chance?

David Newell, the artist-naturalist, will give six baby alligators as the first six prizes in the CHILD LIFE Wild Animal Contest. To the very first prize-winner he will also give an autographed copy of his book, *Cougars and Cowboys*. Then there'll be honorable mention for those he chooses and a message for all from David Newell.

First of all, write Mr. Newell—if you haven't done so already—care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, for a free map of the United States with the tracks of six animals on it. These six animals are being pictured in CHILD LIFE, between January and June, with their tracks. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries. The footprints of the animals, described in the January and February issues, may be found on page 186. For a description of the animal Mr. Newell tells you about this month, turn to page 171.

Second, make a list of the six animals and the states in which their tracks appear.

Third, to enter for the prizes send the list of animals and states, together with a letter of not over 200 words about the wild animal you like best, to Mr. David Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois before June 12, 1928.

The prizes will be awarded for the six best lists and letters.

David Newell,  
CHILD LIFE Magazine,  
536 S. Clark Street  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the map of the United States with the tracks of six animals. I want to enter the Wild Animal Contest.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State.....



Doctors prescribe  
**COCOA**  
for children, and give  
*their own children*  
**BAKER'S**

**A** FEW weeks ago we interviewed several hundred child specialists who were themselves the fathers of sons and daughters.

We asked them, among other things, which cocoa they gave their children.

Eighty percent of the doctors replied: "Baker's!"

This surprising professional tribute to a single product is traceable to two chief reasons:

1. That cocoa, well made with milk, provides the growing body of a child with indispensable nourishment—and...
- 2.—that Baker's Cocoa, made as it is of the rich, best-crop cocoa beans, and even exceeding in food value the United States Government standard for the best cocoa, yields both enticing flavor and nourishment in an unusual degree.

Send for a sample  
**BAKER'S**  
**COCOA**

Taste the difference. Send ten cents for a generous sized tin of Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. A family of five can be served four times! With this tin of cocoa come instructions for making hot and cold chocolate drinks. Clip the coupon today.



Walter Baker & Co., Inc.  
Dorchester-lower-Mills, Mass., U.S.A.  
Enclosed find 10c. Please send me sample tin of cocoa.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

(In Canada: Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.,  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.)

CCL-28



**T**HE principal purpose for putting underwear on your baby is to *protect his health*.

You are doubly assured of safeguarding baby's health when you dress him in "Duofold" knitted shirts, bands, and binders.

Duofold fabric is made of two, thin, separate layers. The outer layer contains Wool—for Warmth and Protection. The inner layer is made entirely of soft Cotton—no Wool can touch or irritate the tender skin.

Here is the ideal combination of Warmth with Absolute Comfort—with excellent protection against body chill and catching cold.

For the sake of your little one's health, dress him in Duofold. Ask your dealer for it. Sample of fabric and name of local dealer sent free on request. Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.

Duofold is available in various mixtures of Wool, Silk, Rayon, Cotton, etc.

**Duofold**  
*Health Underwear*  
for babies and Children



DUTCH  
WINDMILL  
See LePage's  
Book, page 22

WAR  
TANK  
See  
LePage's  
Book, page 24

## A Toy Shop All Your Own

*This wonderful Book shows you how to make most any toy you want*

WHAT a good time you could have if you owned a toy shop all your own. You could wander down the fascinating aisles and pick up any toy you wanted to play with without having to ask, "Can I have this?" Without even having to pay for them.

That's practically what this LePage's toy craft book gives you. It shows you how to make your own toys—fascinating toys out of odds and ends of cardboard. It shows you how to make just simple things at first. Then, when you get the idea and the knack, you can go on and make more elaborate toys—plan and make them yourself—villages of little houses—dolls furniture, etc. Don't you see what a lot you could learn about making things? You would become quite a skilful little craftsman.

Send 10 cents for this wonderful  
LePage's Book

Try this new way of making your own toys. Mother and daddy will enjoy helping you. You'll be surprised and pleased at the nice toys you can make. To try it, all you have to do is send us the coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps). Address, LePage's Craft League, 514 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

# LE PAGE'S GLUE

*In Bottles and Tubes*

Mail this coupon

LEPAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE, 514 Essex Ave.  
Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Boys' Work Shop Book. Please send a copy of this book to:

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....

## WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

DECEMBER COLOR CONTEST

### SOLUTION

Frigate Bird, or Man o' War Bird.  
Color: Black feathers with scarlet pouch.

### WINNERS

FLORENCE HAGGMAN, 3635 Burton Ave., Toledo, Ohio, age 9.

REBECCA LEWIS, 425 Eureka St., Redlands, Calif., age 13.

WILSON MASSEY, 1103 Brook St., Wichita Falls, Tex., age 9.

MERWIN SILVERTHORN, JR., Quarters 118, Quantico, Va., age 7.

### HONOR ROLL

Dorothy Abbott  
Vanciel Alexander\*  
Helen Ault  
Jean Ayres  
Pauline Bell  
Gladys Benedict  
Sybil Bindloss  
Miriam Brennan  
Betty Bucher  
Josh Camblos  
Wilbert Carr  
Charlotte Ciapp  
Margaret M. Clark  
Leah A. Coles  
Robert Courtney  
Marjorie Crabb  
Mary R. Cravens  
Margaret Crowell  
Virginia Culbreath  
Jean Curtis  
Ruth Dalrymple  
Margaret Dean  
William Dunahoe  
Amy Durham  
Anna M. Durkin  
Virginia Dyson  
Betty Earle  
Inez Edge  
Hilda Einset  
Lalah M. Fawcett  
Robert Forbes  
Mary Foster  
Leslie A. Gage  
Jane Geary  
Louise Geyer  
Jacob Golightly, Jr.  
Robert Goodman  
Kathleen Gregg  
Eleanor Harrold\*

Frances Hastings  
Kathryn Heideman  
Conrad Hermsted, Jr.  
Jean Husted  
Elizabeth King  
Marie Kinghorn  
E. Phelps Kirsch\*  
Lenora Lasner  
Ruth C. Likely\*  
Betty Lingenfelter  
Matthew J. Lloyd\*  
Jeanne A. Makover  
Alvin E. Mayer\*  
Constance Munro  
Helen Murray  
Albert Oxley  
Frank Pinna  
William Renwick  
Walter Rivers  
Estelle Rockman  
Hugh Sanders  
Avery Schnuchel  
Barbara J. Smith\*  
Margaret Snow  
Molly Stevens  
Flora Swartz  
Phebe Talbert  
Ann Thomas  
Sally Thomas  
Helena Timmerman  
Margaret Turley\*  
Lewis F. Twichell  
Ingemann Underdal  
Rosemary Wade  
Roberta Weber  
Mary B. Weir  
Burnley Welsh\*  
Dorothy Wilson\*  
Betty L. Zeller\*

(\* Special Mention)

## WILD ANIMAL CONTEST



PUMA



WOLF

Footprints of animals described in January and February CHILD LIFE. See page 185 for contest rules.



## FOOT HEALTH for Children

CHILDHOOD is the time to insure foot health. Feet are forming, arches should be gaining strength and toes should be kept straight. In Cantilever Shoes the growing foot is safe. These scientifically made shoes are natural in shape and natural in action. It's fun to run and play in such light, flexible shoes. And it's good to know that young feet are building health and strength.

Great care is taken to shape Cantilever lasts exactly like the normal foot. The delicate, easily molded bones of a child's foot are never cramped or crowded in these shoes. Every toe has room and the whole foot is properly fitted.

The Cantilever Shoe fits the foot in action, too. The shoe is flexible from toe to heel. The shoe functions with the foot and permits the arch muscles to strengthen through exercise. It is these muscles which hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in arched formation.

Children and parents like the smart style of Cantilever Shoes. They are well-made of good, honest leathers and the prices are moderate. If your local Cantilever agency isn't listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever" write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. for the address.

# Cantilever Shoe



For Health and Economy

Men, Women, Children



#### CLUB MOTTO

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to  
CHILD LIFE

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### QUEEN OF FAIRYLAND

If I were queen of Fairyland  
I'd rule many fairies;  
I'd wear pretty robes and gowns,  
And dine on cream and strawberries.

I'd lead the children to Fairyland,  
And show them pretty sights;  
I'd give the girls dollies,  
And the boys kites.

HAZEL KANTROVICK,  
Omaha, Neb.

Age 9.

Good-bye, Winter,  
Good-bye, Snow!  
Flowers, wake up, for  
March winds blow!

JOHN V. DAVIS,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Age 7½

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending a picture of myself reading my magazine, taken out in our flower garden. My magazine has been given to me as a Christmas gift for two years by a friend, an instructor in our college, who lives with us, but is now attending Yale. I enjoy a Christmas present of this kind so much, as it lasts the whole year through.

I have a little bull dog. Her name is Michey. She loves to play ball, and will sit up in a chair and shake hands. She is delighted to join in a game of hide-and-seek.

Yours sincerely,

EDNA BELL WELBORN,  
Maryville, Mo.

Age 9.



EDNA BELL WELBORN

#### THE FAIRY QUEEN

Watch for the fairies on the green,  
Watch for the little fairy queen.  
See her dance and trip along,  
She is like a joyful song!

MARGARET NATHAN,  
Great Falls, Mont.

Age 10.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy the stories in my magazine very much, but I like best the Right-About Rhymes. I am enclosing one I made up. I would like very much to have it printed.

#### LITTLE ALICE TANNERS

There was a little girl,  
Her name was Alice Tanners.  
She had but one failing,  
She used bad table manners.

She would reach for the butter  
And sing out loud  
And do all sorts of bad things  
When eating with a crowd.

One day a thin lady  
Came to see Mrs. Tanners  
And she stayed there for lunch  
And saw her bad manners.

And poor little Alice  
Turned as red as a beet  
When she saw that the lady  
Was watching her eat.

So she used and she used  
All the manners she knew  
And she found that she really  
Did have quite a few.

So now she uses them  
Morning and night,  
And no one can say  
That she doesn't eat right.

HEDVIG THORPE,  
Minneapolis, Minn.



## ... NOW ... FOR MOTHERS WHO SEW



**BABETTE**  
A **Capitol** SILK  
WASHABLE ©

The beautiful juvenile garments of BABETTE you buy in the shops suggest so many other things that you, yourself, could make from this exceptional fabric ... at least that is what hundreds of mothers throughout the country have told us. So we have made our sturdy all-silk BABETTE available to you by the yard at the silk counter.

Ask for it by name, and learn its surprisingly moderate price. If your favorite store has not yet ordered BABETTE, send its name to us and we will see that you are supplied.

"Their Shopping Adventures" is an interesting little booklet containing a delightful story for the children and many practical hints for mothers on dressing children over two years of age. It is sent, together with a swatch of silk large enough for a handkerchief, in return for the coupon below and ten cents.



### CAPITOL SILK CORP.

171 Madison Ave., New York City

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing herewith ten cents. Please send me your booklet "Their Shopping Adventures," and a swatch of Babette for a silk handkerchief.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

I buy my children's clothing at \_\_\_\_\_

Name of dealer requested \_\_\_\_\_

Dealer's address \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like birds and I never hurt them. I will live up to the League pledge. I am an American, but I live in Canada most of the time. I try to do some good deeds daily.

I would like some of the children that take the magazine to write to me. I would answer them and tell them of my Canadian life. We go skiing, skating, and sliding, and snowshoeing and do lots of other things. I like the motto, creed and pledge of the Good Citizens' League.

Yours sincerely,

KATHERINE J. CARTER,

Sanmaur, Quebec, Canada.

Age 10.



KATHERINE CARTER AND HER BROTHER

### PETE

Pete was given to me as a birthday present. Pete was very dark, and looked very much like a sparrow.

I thought the bird was a male and named it Pete. But a month later, an egg was found on the bottom of its cage. Since proof was shown that it was a female, everybody said her name should be changed. I refused to change her name, because when I asked her what her name was, she always answered, "Pete, Pete!" So the name Pete remained unchanged.

Pete was always afraid of anyone except Mother and me. She would eat from my hand and fight with me. Every evening we would let her out and she would fly all over the house. Once she flew through the open transom and to the roof of a neighbor's house but she came back. Sometimes she made friends with herself, as with another bird, and she would fight with her shadow on the wall.

I never have heard a female canary sing but she can sing very well. She warbles all day long.

When little Jerry, one of the babies, grew up, he learned half of his father's song and half of his mother's song.

BERTHA BAILY,  
Chicago

### WHEN SILVER MOONS GO SAILING BY

I love to watch the moon go by,  
It makes me lonely and I sigh.

God gave the birds such lovely wings,  
I watch them fly and see all things.

But I feel sad and often sigh  
When silver moons go sailing by!

GLADYS McLAIN,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Age 8.

## Nazareth CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

### Consider their comfort

Active, growing children need the kind of underwear that doesn't bind—that allows the greatest comfort and yet is sturdy enough to stand the daily wear and tear.

During the past forty-two years, millions of mothers have found Nazareth Underwear to be the ideal kind for infants, boys and girls. Young mothers can safely profit by the experience of older ones by asking for the right kind of children's underwear by name—insist on having Nazareth.

Retailers are now showing the new Nazareth spring styles. Look for the Nazareth label.



Style L. U., illustrated above, light weight, knitted waist union suit for boy or girl. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting pin-tubes. Pearl buttons. All flat seams. Taped buttons where needed. Binding on drop seat to prevent tearing. Attractive binding at neck and arms. Sizes 2 to 13, special 14-15. Retail at 75 cents.

### Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealers.

**NAZARETH WAIST CO.**  
366 Broadway, Dept. L, New York City

Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

All of us children dance and sing  
When it is spring!

Age 5

HELEN JOHNSTON

### HOW CAMP SQUIRREL'S NEST WAS BUILT

Camp Squirrel's Nest was founded in October, 1924, on a little hill in the woods, on the Boston Post Road, in South County, Rhode Island.

The three principal boys in this story are Benjamin Richmond, Trail Cutter and Path Finder; Reginald Lamb, Superintendent of Tree Cutting; and myself, Leader.

It was a nice sunny day when we three chums decided to build a camp of our own. We started out to find a good site on some woodland my father owned. We chose a fine spot and then found some straight trees to build the cabin with. After discovering two ponds, we came upon a cedar swamp filled with just the kind of trees that we wanted.

Reginald, or Reg, as he is called by us, blazed some trees to be cut. While he was busy marking the trees, Ben and I cut a trail to the place the cabin was to be located. This done, we started felling, trimming, and cutting into lengths about ten handsome cedars. Then Ben asked, "When are we going to eat?"

As we were all hungry, I made a motion that we eat then. It was hurriedly seconded by Reg and he raced up the trail to be the first to get started.

Afterward we went back and began hauling the logs up the trail. This was the most tiresome job in building our cabin. When we had hauled about half of them, our backs were so lame we could scarcely stand up. So I said we had made a good beginning and suggested that we gather up the axes and saws and carry them to a farmhouse not far away. This we did and went home to a nice hot supper.

As we had to go to school during the week, we only had Saturdays to work on our cabin. The second Saturday we did almost the same as the first, except that we began to lay the logs.

The cabin was to be of the early settler's style, like the Pilgrims had, and the one Abraham Lincoln was born in. There was to be one room, with bunks at the back, and in one corner a cupboard. There were to be a table and a small stove.

As the work progressed our gang got bigger and bigger, until finally almost all the boys in town belonged. The cabin, which was only ten by ten, was much too small for the crowd. So we decided to build a larger one, too. Everything went well for a while, but the baseball season opened and work on the big cabin came to a standstill. We did our best to get the gang together to finish it, but not much was done during the summer. There are a lot of other things to be done in summer. While things were going bad Reg and Ben built a small cabin for their headquarters.

We three have joined the Boy Scouts and have been having a pretty good time. Reg is senior patrol leader and almost eagle scout. Ben is second class and, as I was the last to join, I am still a tenderfoot. But I hope to be second class pretty soon. I am assistant patrol leader. Our Scout Commissioner has helped to finish the big cabin.

Camp Squirrel's Nest now consists of three cabins, a large one and two small ones. If any of the readers of this story come to Westerly, and will look up us three boys, we will be glad to show them Camp Squirrel's Nest.

JOHN FISHER SULLIVAN,  
Westerly, Rhode Island.

Hal Rosch's Rascals in  
"OUR GANG"  
appearing in M. G. M.  
Comedies, now

with  
"CHICAGO"  
Rubber Tired  
Roller Skates



### Come on, Everybody! Roller Skate with "Our Gang"

*They're  
Different*

**"CHICAGO"**  
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
Rubber Tire Roller Skates



Look for Guarantee Tag  
and Name on Wheels

When those famous little fun-makers, "Our Gang," exercise and play between "movies" they use an equally famous roller skate—"CHICAGOS."

"Our Gang" selected "CHICAGOS" because the high speed, ball-bearing disc wheels spin ten times longer, the rubber tires are silent and shock-absorbing, and outwear steel wheels two to one. New Model Super Skate is suitable for boys, girls or grownups.

Sold by all good dealers, or sent direct upon receipt of \$4.00 and your dealer's name.

### FREE "How to Roller Skate"

Write today for complete instruction book on roller skating—how to start, stop, gain speed, play games, etc.

**CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.**

4455 W. Lake Street

Established Over 20 Years

Chicago, Ill.



### "See—I Am Gaining!"

IT'S great fun watching that loyal little Detecto pointer show you your weight every morning. And *weight* is what growing boys and girls need! Have you a Detecto portable bathroom scale in your home? You should have!

Detecto is made in three models and several attractive colors. It is built to last a lifetime and is guaranteed for five years. Certified and approved by the New York State Bureau of Weights and Measures.



**Detecto Junior**

**\$11.85**

(East of the Mississippi)

**Other Models up to**

**\$18.75**

At all department and hardware stores, or direct from the makers.

[Also Detecto-Lette, the famous Springless Baby Scale]

Send for Free  
Health Literature

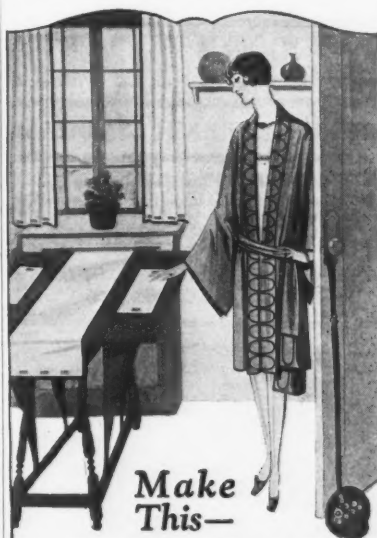
**DETECTO**  
WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

The Jacobs Bros., Inc.

Dept. 8

318 Greenwich St.

N. Y. C.



**Make  
This—**

smart New Negligee—this Breakfast Set—Curtains—Door-stop—as shown on cover of our newest Sewing Book, No. 13. Full instructions. Also over 100 new, original ideas for dresses, lingerie, accessories (sleeves, hats, collars, bags), things for children, porch furnishings, novelties, etc.—all illustrated and all using

### WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

This comes in three qualities of Silk, Lawn, Cambric, Percale, Gingham and Chambray. Also the new Mercerized Nainsook, "fast to every use," in six-yard lengths.

**Send 10 cents in stamps**

for this book (out March 1) and a three-yard sample of tape in fast color Percale to any one of the following colors: Yellow, Lavender, Lilac, Old Rose, Gray, Pink, Light Blue, Green, Navy, Orange, Esmerald, Beesda, Gold, Yale Blue, Tan, Peach, Red, Brown, Navy. Also Black and White.

**WM. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.**

Dept. 155 Manufacturers Orange, N. J.



## Gayety that lasts

**COLORS** that will stand many washings in a fabric that will stand hard wear make happy clothes for children. That is why Kalburnie is called "The Children's Gingham." Mothers also appreciate its low price and long wear. Send for samples of the 1928 patterns. Take them with you when you shop. Name "Kalburnie" is always on the selvage. Made by Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.

## KALBURNIE

### THE CHILDREN'S GINGHAM

Amory, Browne & Co., Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

Please send me free samples of Kalburnie, the Children's Gingham.

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name..... B-B



**GIVEN CROSLEY 2-TUBE**  
GETS ALL BIG STATIONS  
1000 MILES AND OVER  
Sell 30 parts VEGETABLE & Flower Seeds, result per  
plan in FREE catalog. Get seeds today. WE TRUST YOU.  
AMERICAN SEED CO., Dept. R-194 LANCASTER, PA.

**The Purity of Cuticura**  
Makes It Unexcelled  
For All Toilet Purposes

### MY TRIP AROUND THE LAKES

It all started two years ago when I asked my daddy to take me to Niagara Falls, but he explained that Mary, my little sister, was too young. Last year I began about February to talk that trip to the Falls. Of course, Mary was older then—she was four, I was nine, and Virginia was fourteen, so the old excuse was no good.

After fussing around for two months we finally got reservations on one of the big lake boats. We had to leave "Memories," our summer home at Grand Haven, on the night of August 12. It gave me quite a thrill to go to sleep in Grand Haven and wake up at the Municipal Pier in Chicago.

After an early breakfast Daddy took us on the bus to Lincoln Park, while Mamma and Virginia went shopping. That afternoon we took a taxi to the boat, and it was a beautiful sight to see the shore line of Chicago fade out as we sailed out into Lake Michigan.

After lunch the next day we reached Mackinac; then we got off and into a funny carriage, and rode around the Island. We saw the British landing and summer cottages, Fort Mackinac, Indian cemetery, and Arch Rock. Then we saw Sugar Loaf, Devil's Kitchen, Lovers' Leap, The Wishing Spring, and the Grand Hotel. When we got back to the boat Daddy, Mary and I bought some picture postcards to help me remember what I had seen, so as to write this story.

We left the boat Monday morning at Parry Sound. When we got on the main street we saw a lot of British flags put up—I don't know what for—some celebration, I guess. There were a lot of Indians who sold blankets and baskets—Mother bought a blanket. We saw some Indian children. The crowd would throw pennies, and they would scramble to get the money. Some of them had little baskets full. One little fellow had a whole fist full. There was a little Indian girl who had had her hair bobbed, and she had put on yarn braids so as to look like an old-fashioned Indian girl.

Monday night was stunt night on the "South American." The boat rocked quite a bit. After dinner we all came down to the grand saloon. Then each state put on a stunt. Illinois got the prize, which was a big box of suckers. A girl that took part gave me one.

The next morning (Tuesday) we arrived in Detroit, but inasmuch as we had all been to Detroit so often, we did not take the sight-seeing trip they offered.

We had only a little while in Cleveland, so we just walked around the dock to stretch ourselves. But we saw the powerful searchlights playing the sky; they use them to pilot aeroplanes on the New York to Chicago flight.

When we reached Buffalo a limousine met us just as we got off the boat. It was a very pretty ride out to Niagara. A half mile away we could see the mist; it looked like a great curtain hiding everything. First, we stopped at a place where we could stand right beside the intake for a power plant, then we went over to the Falls. We stood beside them for a while. They are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen or ever shall see. In one spot they looked like green and white lace.

Then we went into a big pavilion and put on rubber coats, hats and boots. We all looked terribly funny. We got in an elevator and went down, down under the ground. There were tunnels going all over. It was lots of fun to walk along with our boots going "flop-flop." All of a sudden we came to an opening. What did we see? There were the Falls pouring down right in front of us; I could reach out my hand and touch them, as we were really under them. Virginia said it was the biggest



### DEMANDS OF GROWTH

Every young, living thing must grow. A child needs not only an abundance of foods to satisfy the demands of hunger—the diet must also provide materials for growth of body, bones and healthy dentition.

Every child should have a well-selected food-supply that will round out and balance the nutrition needs of the body so that growth and strength may go along hand in hand.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

COD-LIVER OIL MADE EASY TO TAKE

helps supply the particular needs of the body for vitamins A and D.

Many children take Scott's Emulsion regularly to enrich the daily intake of food with these essential vitamins. Give pleasantly flavored, easily assimilated Scott's Emulsion.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.



### Delightful Easter Gifts

NAME stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case—FREE. Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all Sets



No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted polishes) in genuine Leather Case. Pocket Case with NAME engraved on each pencil and Case. 75 cents.



No. H—Three pencils (fancy polishes Name Engraved—Fancy box—25 cents.

No. 6—Box of Six Pencils—45 cents; No. 12—Box of Twelve—45 cents.

Order by No. Print out Names. Send Check or Money Order. Prices include Parcel Post for Guaranteed Delivery add 10 cents.

**BALLARD PENCIL CO.** Dept. 20, 250 W. 54 St. New York, N. Y.



**Out Come Seeds and Core in a jiffy!** Makes a messy job, clean; a hard job, easy and quick, and the fruit looks better to serve. Ask your dealer. Write for circular. —and— good proposition for agents.

**BOYLE GRAPEFRUIT CORER**  
BOYLE PRODUCTS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ALWAYS Ask For **DENISON'S**—52 Years of Wits  
Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Plays, Vaudeville Acts, Monologues, Dialogues, Comedies, Revues, Entertainments, Musical Readings, Comedy Songs, Chalk Talk Books, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.  
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 176 CHICAGO





### Shy, demure—protected!

Within that prim little mouth was a delicious Smith Brothers' Cough Drop! Since 1847 wise mothers have given their children this absolutely pure "candy". It guards tender little throats against coughs and colds.

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

## SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



5¢

## Easter Bunny says:

# CHICK CHICK EASTER EGG DYE

Most Beautiful, Brilliant yet Delicate Colors.

### BIG COMBINATION PACKAGE

Six Beautiful Color Sheets

(Making many shades)

Transfer Pictures

Kiddie Cut-outs

Magic "Invisible Color" Barnyard Scene

"Happy Chick" Easter Greetings

Chick-Chick is the modern Egg Dye

Safe, Clean, Harmless and Simple to use.

No Tablets to Break  
No Powders to Sift

At all Drug, Grocery, Stationery, 5 and 10¢ stores. If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and we will send you a package.

**All for 10¢**

FRED FEAR & CO. Dept. L, Brooklyn, N.Y.



### THIS CLASS PIN 30¢.

19 or more, Silver plate, Single pins 40¢ ea. choice 9 colors enamel, 3 letters, date. Sterling Silver, 19 or more 50¢ ea. Single pins 60¢ ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Emblems 50¢ to \$2.00.

685 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 783 Portland Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

shower bath in the world. Then we walked along and came to another opening, and there was the same thing, only closer to us. When we came to the last opening I couldn't even keep my eyes open, there was such a spray. Pretty soon we came up, but before we left Daddy found a piece of shale which I still have.

Then we got in the car and went to a restaurant. When we were all through we went to the rapids. To get there we took a funny cable car. It ran right down hill at a terrible angle. There were the rapids! Later, we went to Goat Island. There was one place where we could stand right next to the Falls—it was just gorgeous.

We took the boat back to Detroit again, and a friend let us drive his new car through from the factory to Grand Rapids. Then we took our own car and drove back to dear old "Memories."

JEAN ELIZABETH ULRICH,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.



EUNICE HULL  
Schenectady, N. Y.

### Dear CHILD LIFE:

I went to Vacation School every morning. I liked it very much. We learned to cook, too. The first morning we made cocoa and cinnamon toast. The second morning we made baked apple. The third morning we made cookies. The fourth morning we made gingerbread.

I take piano lessons, and I played in a recital one time. I played "Christmas Day Secrets," by Theodora Dutton and "The Country Fair," by C. Gurlitt.

My daddy is a professor of psychology. He gets lots of foreign mail. I have a wonderful collection of stamps.

Yours, for "Child Life," long may it live!

HOWARD LYON BOORMAN,  
Chicago, Ill.

### Dear Miss Waldo:

We live right next to a lovely big farm and we have a half acre of land and a woods and a little acre or two of land with a real play house with two rooms, a veranda and little shed. We have an orchard, too, with four kinds of apples, two kinds of plums, some nice pears, and some cherries.

Lots of love,  
MARY A. MCHENRY,  
Port Credit, Ont., Can.

## SCHOOLS

### Have School in Your Own Home

NO MATTER where you live, let Calvert School with its famous methods give your child his entire schooling from Kindergarten to High School in your home. Write for information to  
Manager, CALVERT SCHOOL,  
237 W. 40th Street, Baltimore, Md.



### "Fairy Places, Fairy Things"—



"The great day nursery best of all  
With pictures posted on the wall  
And leaves upon the blind,  
A pleasant room wherein to wake" etc.

Give your child the inheritance of happy memories. Beautiful shaded lawns, playground, swings, sand-piles, etc. Specialized care and thorough training up to Eighth Grade. Supervised out-door play. Music. Dancing.

MRS. BURT'S SCHOOL  
For Tiny Tots, 1-12 Years.  
1120 Constant Ave., Peekskill, N. Y.

## MERRICOURT

Just the place for young children

A year-round home and school for a few select children 3 to 10. Large play lawns. Supervised play, gardens, kindergarten, elementary grades. Private coasting hill. Tutoring. Parental care. Booklet.  
REV. and MRS. JOHN H. KINGSBURY, M. A.  
BERLIN, CONN.

## SPRING HILL

A Modern Progressive Country Boarding School  
For boys and girls from 4 to 14 years

60 acres. 1100 ft. above sea level. 100 miles from New York. Small group. Healthful surroundings. Outdoor life. Catalog on request.

Mrs. William Spinney, Miss Dorothy Bull  
Litchfield, Connecticut

## STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We can teach the mother how to cure her child or baby.

SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas

## A School for Any Child

Whether your son or daughter is a kindergartner, or is beginning preparation for college, an exceptional child or just the normal one of average attainments, whether you are seeking advice about a school in the North, South, East, West or Abroad, the information which we have about any of the good schools is yours for the asking.

Write to

ESTHER M. AMES, Director,  
CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education,  
270 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Name of Parent .....

Address .....

Age of child..... Sex.....

Religion.....

Location Preferred.....

Approximate Tuition.....

Special features: College preparatory, finishing, military, junior school, etc.; interior decorating, costume designing, fine or commercial art, dancing, secretarial, etc.

# DOGS

*What is your Dog's Name?*

Send for our Booklet that tells how to brush his hair and keep it clean and silky

My Dog's Name is \_\_\_\_\_  
 What Breed \_\_\_\_\_  
 My Name is \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO.  
 102 Main St., Leicester, Mass.

**WASCO**

**PEKINGESE**

Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the world.

\$25 up

MRS. HABEL A. BAXTER  
 Telephone 418  
 Great Neck, L. I.

**Boston Terriers**

A few choice specimens, both sexes, of the best possible breeding. Prices \$30.00 up.

Send stamp for illustrated circular.

**MASSASOIT KENNELS**  
 Box 195, Dept. C, Springfield, Mass.

**DOBERMAN PINSCHERS**

A real guardian and companion. No other dog equal to him for children, car or house. Affectionate, kind and gentle, yet, a wonderful guard. Puppies and Brood matrons for sale. Folder giving brief history and characteristics. Price 10c.

**DUNCAN KENNELS, Paris, Ky.**

**SNOW WHITE ESQUIMO PUPPIES**

Most playful, intelligent and loveliest dog. Send 10c for new 24 page illustrated catalogue on reduced prices, germs, care, feeding and diseases of dogs. We also breed Chows and Fox Terriers and can furnish any breed you may want. We ship on approval, guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery.

**Baldwin BROCKWAYS KENNELS Kansas**

**SCOTTISH TERRIER**

The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

**LOGANBRAE KENNELS**  
 Rutland, Vt.

Would you like to own a dog?  
 We have complete information about dogs of all kinds and will be glad to assist you in the selection of a suitable pet.

Write to  
 CHILD LIFE Dog Dept.  
 536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

## JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 162)

a workman wheeled the frame away.

"The soap stays in there for a whole week," went on the Golden Goblin. "Then the frame is taken off, and the soap stands alone, to harden and season for another week. All that waiting makes very good soap indeed, and you should see it when it's finished!"

"We'd like to," said Robert.

"You shall!" replied the Golden Goblin, leading the way into a storeroom that was filled from one end to the other with giant blocks of golden soap. Robert whistled. "Whew! Just one of those would do our washing for the rest of our lives."

The Golden Goblin chuckled.

He took them to see the wonderful machines that first cut the great blocks of soap into slabs—and then cut the slabs into bars just the size you see at the grocery store. Up and down and across, the machines cut the soap. And just as fast as the bars were cut to the right size, they were stacked high on trays and wheeled away to be stamped with the name "Fels-Naptha" and wrapped in the familiar red and green Fels-Naptha wrapper.

"Almost finished now!" said the Golden Goblin. Last of all, the wrapped cakes were packed, one hundred in a box. The boxes were sealed by still another machine and sent scuttling across a long passageway to be sent away in freight cars.

"That's the way Fels-Naptha goes to your grocery store," said the Golden Goblin. "And look, here we are, right back to our own soap bubble!"

And there waiting for them was the soap bubble with its door wide open, and in no time at all, Robert and Ruth and the Golden Goblin were sailing through the air toward home.

## A COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR THE BEGINNING STAMP COLLECTOR \$1.00

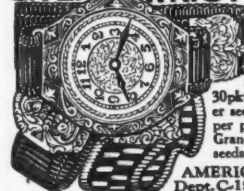
The Imperial Outfit provides the beginner not only with a representative collection of stamps from many countries, but with the needed accessories. It consists of 300 Guaranteed genuine stamps from all parts of the world (sold with a money back guarantee).

The Imperial Album (more than 100 pages, board covers, 400 illustrations, spaces for 4,000 stamps), 1,000 high-grade stamp mounts, perforation gauge and millimetre scale, and 1 copy of the STANDARD GUIDE TO STAMP COLLECTING, a profusely illustrated guide book for the beginner. Complete for \$1.00.

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.**  
 1 West 47th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.



## GIVEN WITH WRIST WATCH



Guaranteed time-keeper. Latest tonneau style. Jeweled movement. 3 beautiful colored ribbons. Sell 30 pkts. Vegetable & Flower seeds, 10c pkt., remit per plan in our catalog. Grand Extra Prizes. Get seeds today. We trust you.

**AMERICAN SEED CO.**  
 Dept. C-184, Lancaster, Pa.

## See Miles Away! 5 DAY TRIAL

with Big 3 1/2 Ft. Telescope

Brings distant people and objects close to your eyes. Wonder telescope opens over 3 1/2 ft. long. 5 big sections, brass bound. 8-power lenses. Ideal for sports, camping, travel.

Head numbers on freight car mile away—A. C. Palmer. **FREE** AND SHOULDER STRAP. **SEND NO MONEY**

On arrival pay postman \$1.55, plus postage 12 for \$3.50. Or send \$1.55 and we pay postage. Try 5 days. Money refunded if not delighted. Send today.

**FERRY & CO., DEPT. 1151, CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

Hang Pictures in the Children's Room with

**Moore Push-Pins**

Glass Heads—Steel Points

For Heavy Pictures

**Moore Push-less Hangers**

Scientifically Secure Safety

10c pkts. Everywhere

**MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## Interesting Books



Peter and Prue really felt sorry for the man in the moon, for the poor fellow had nothing to eat but milk and butter and cheese. Their trip to the moon is only one of the exciting things that happened when they became lost in the sky.

Price \$1.50.

## RAND McNALLY & CO.

Publishers

New York

CHICAGO San Francisco

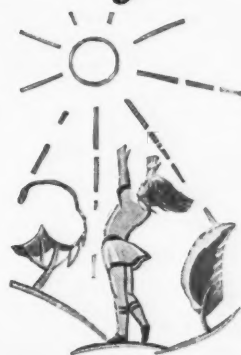
Life for Anthony Ant was just one thrill after another. He had lots of funny ant ventures and would even hunt up little green worms to stew for supper! You will love this story with its fascinating pictures by Harrison Cady.

Price \$1.50.



# Astonishing Facts about WINDOW GLASS and your Children's Health

*How Vita Glass, a remarkable new discovery, brings indoors the vital health rays of the sun, and floods the nursery, playroom or sunroom with nature's most effective tonic*



Here is one of the most important health discoveries ever brought to the attention of thoughtful fathers and mothers. So vital is its bearing on the health of babies and growing children that every careful parent will want to have it in his home.

It means stronger little bones, muscles and bodies. It means more rapid growth... healthier, richer blood coursing through their veins... greater resistance to illness... and, most important of all, practical immunity to that dreaded and common disease of childhood—rickets.

This remarkable discovery... this easy method of insuring better health in your children... is a new form of window glass which the inventor has aptly named Vita Glass.

It is so called because it brings the ultra-violet rays, the vital health rays of sunlight, into nursery, playroom or sunroom, and

## VITA GLASS

*Each pane is cut to size, etched with the name Vita and bears the trademark label*



permeates the atmosphere with nature's most effective tonic.

### *Ordinary window glass shuts out the vital rays*

During the closed-window seasons we are deprived of this great health element because ordinary window glass is impervious to the vital rays. It admits warmth and light, but screens out the highly necessary ultra-violet rays.

This is the reason why the shut-in days of winter are so unhealthful and enervating. This is the reason why the whole family are more susceptible to colds, grip and other illnesses during the winter.

### *Actual tests prove its value*

With Vitaglazed windows the vital ultra-violet rays permeate the room and reach

you wherever you happen to be. You may even Vitaglaze your north windows, for the major percentage of the ultra-violet rays are reflected from skyshine and cloudshine, making northern light a very rich source of these vital health rays.

Vita Glass installations have been made in homes, schools, hospitals, hotels, apartment houses, office buildings and factories throughout the United States and in other countries. Results, in some cases, have been astonishing. A ten-months' test of Vita Glass was made in one school and it was found that the pupils of the Vitaglazed room gained an average of 6.11 pounds against 2.83 pounds in the other. The gain in height was 1.86 inches against 1.52, while absences were decreased forty per cent.

Vita Glass is easily and quickly installed. All there is to be done is to have the old panes removed and replaced with Vita Glass.

Let us send you all the facts... Just fill in and mail the coupon below. In the meantime ask your physician about the health value of ultra-violet rays and Vita Glass. The Vitaglass Corporation, 50 East 42d Street, New York.

Vitaglass Corporation,  
50 East 42d Street, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the facts about Vita Glass. I am particularly interested in Vita Glass for  
☐ Home ☐ Office ☐ School ☐ Hotel ☐ Apartment House ☐ Factory.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE

One of the many illustrations (actual size) from

# ILLUSTRATED BIBLE STORIES

(New Testament Series)

This New Testament series consists of the following four volumes: "Coming of the King," "Early Work of Jesus," "Later Work of Jesus," "Spreading the Good News." The stories are retold for little children by Seymour Loveland and illustrated by Milo Winter.

These books are for sale at all bookshops. If unable to obtain locally, send \$.75 plus 7 cents postage for each book.

**RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Publishers**  
CHICAGO

NEW YORK

SAN FRANCISCO

